

BRITISH EDITION

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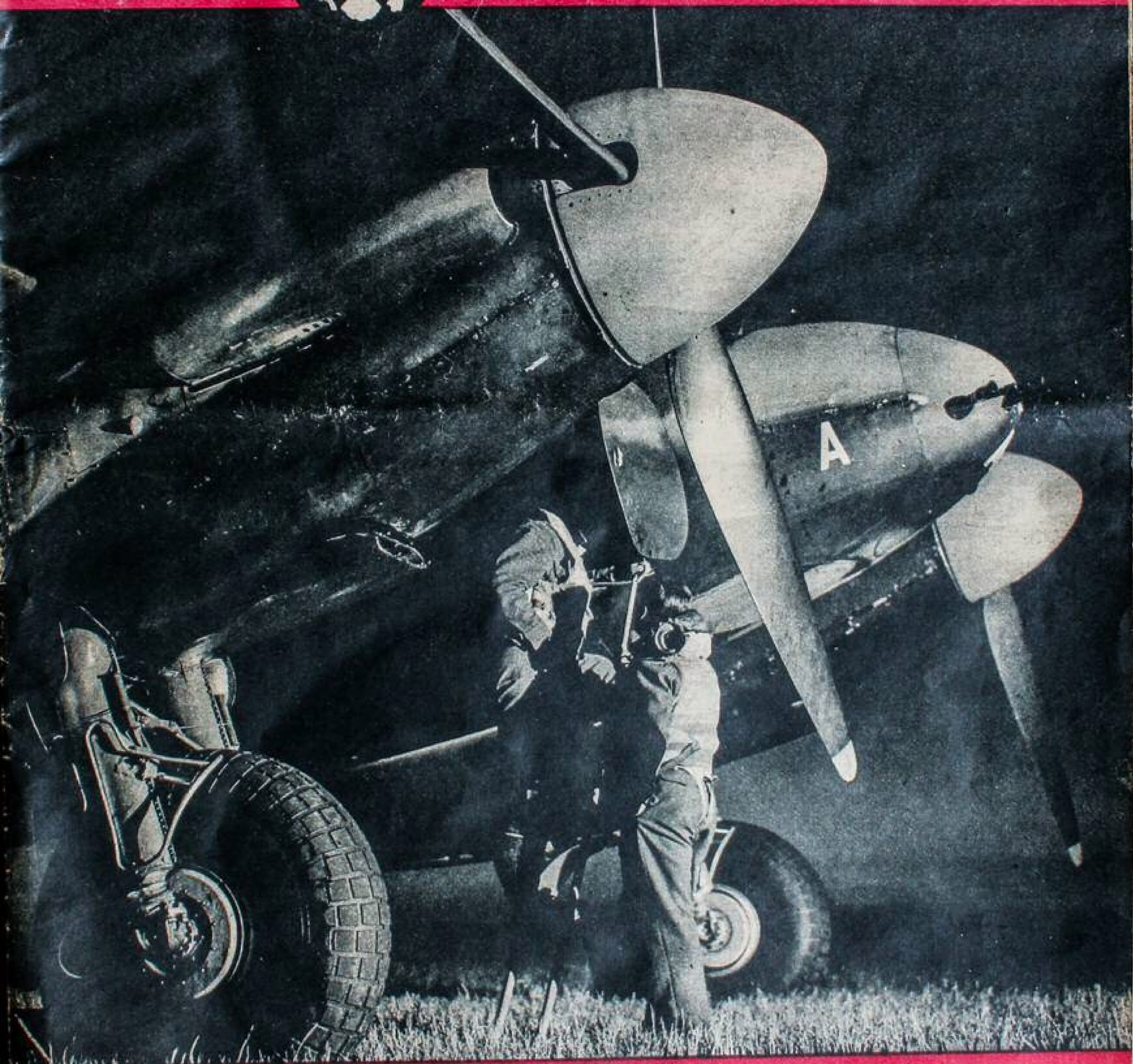
THE ARMY



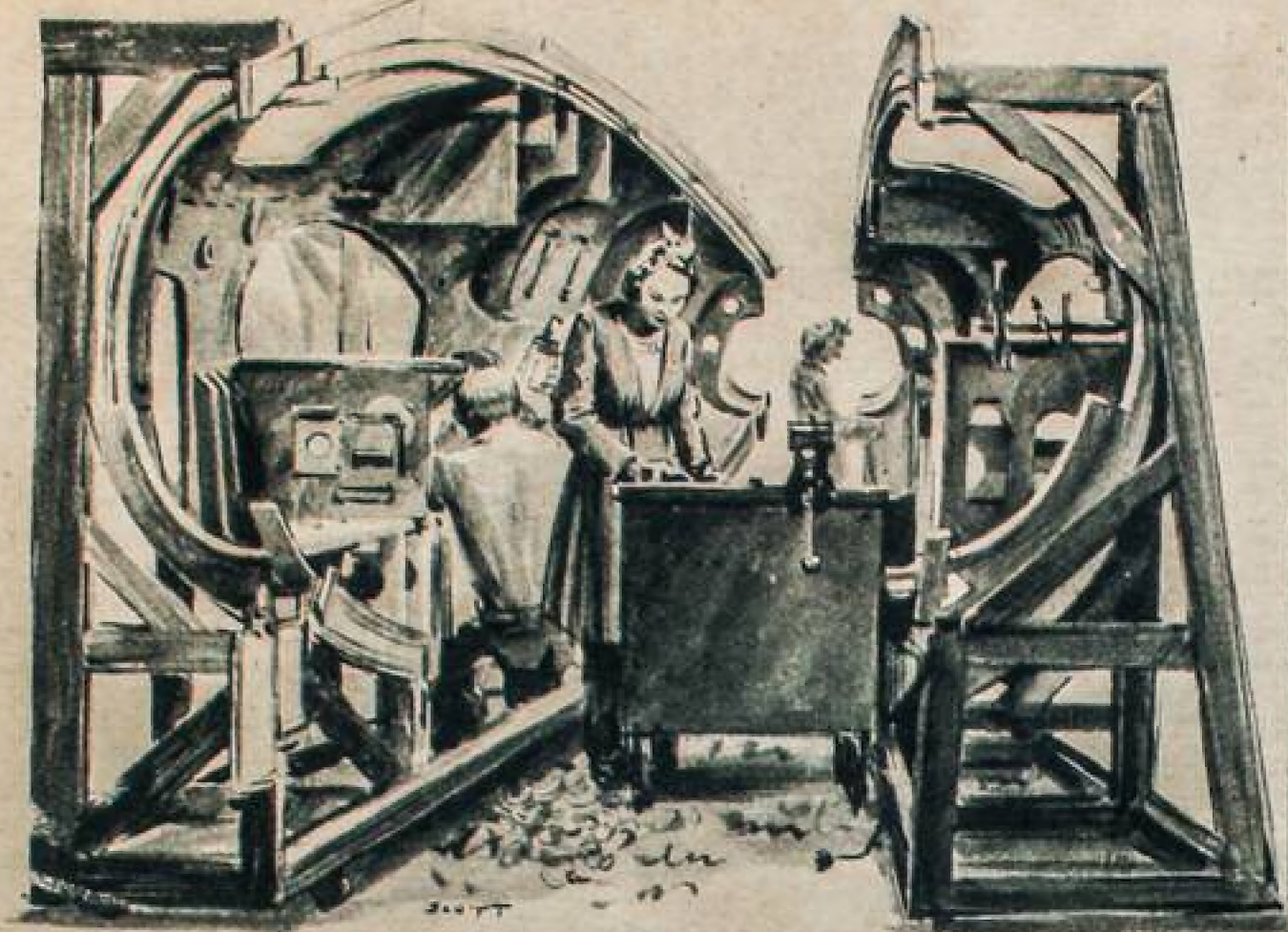
WEEKLY

3^d JAN. 16
1944
VOL. 2, NO. 31

By the men . . . for the
men in the service



THE GHOST RAIDER—See pages 2, 3, 4 and 5

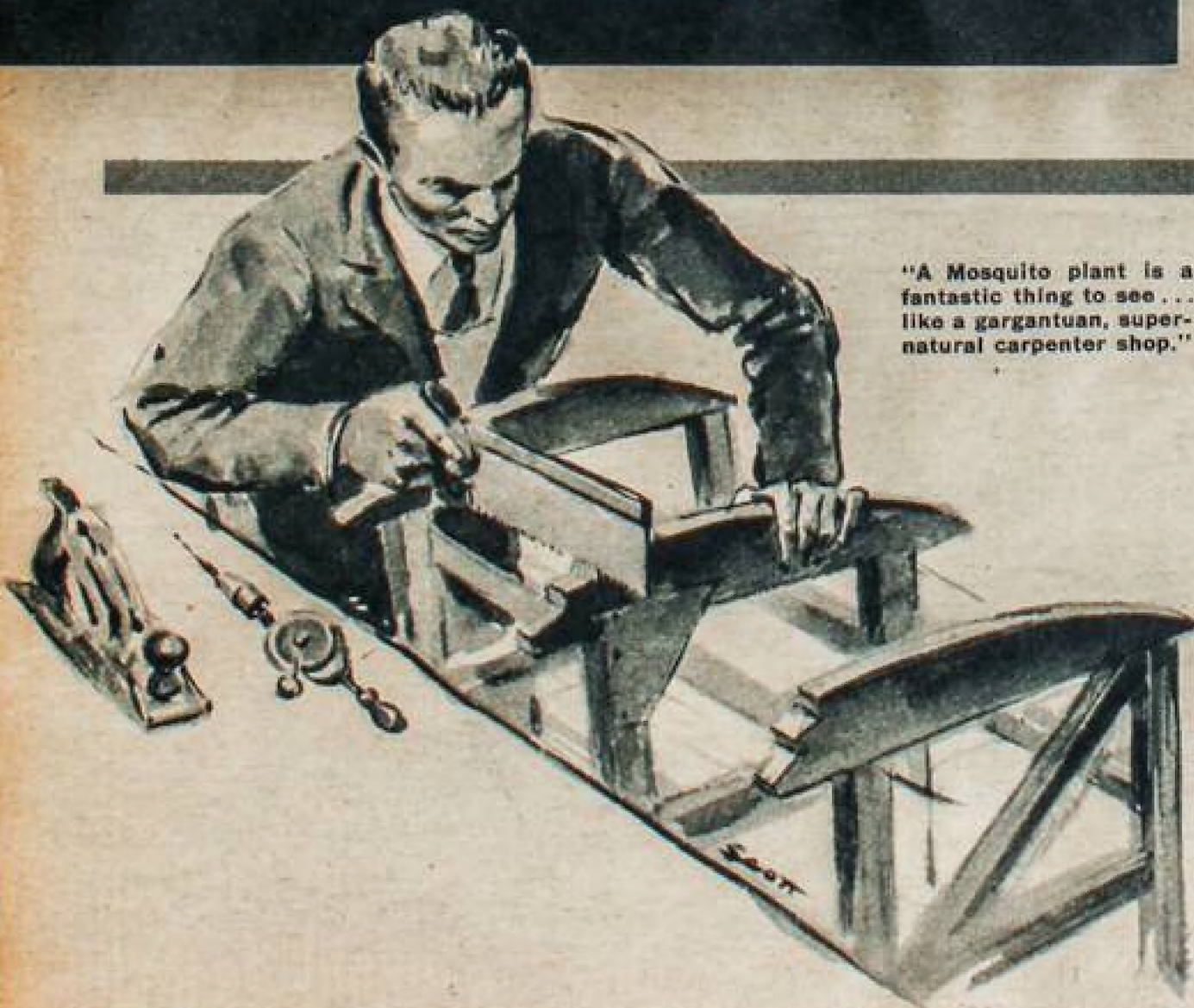


"The fuselage is made in two longitudinal half-shells—fitting together like separate halves of a toy Easter egg."

The WOODEN MOSQUITO

By Sgt. Bill Davidson

YANK Staff Correspondent



"A Mosquito plant is a fantastic thing to see... like a gargantuan, supernatural carpenter shop."

ENGLAND—One day last Spring, a strange game of tag was played in a wooded, hilly section of the French countryside. A German supply train, carrying its own AA, roared around curves and zoomed through ravines. Over the train a sleek, wooden Mosquito zig-zagged back and forth, swooping down, deftly evading the searching flak, worrying the train like a collie chasing a runaway cow. In the Mosquito was one of the RAF's most famous bombing teams—pilot Squadron Leader J. R. Ralston, and navigator-observer Flight Lieutenant S. Clayton.

The train was loaded with ammunition, but still Ralston and Clayton held their bombs, putting on a regular aerial circus with their miraculous little plane. Travelling at nearly 400 miles an hour they ripped over the heavily loaded cars, pulling out at 20 feet, and flipped away from trees as easily as if they were flying a Piper Cub. In desperation, the German engineer signalled ahead, pulled off the main line, and headed into a tunnel, in an attempt to shake off his tormentor. As the last car disappeared into the mountainside, the wooden plane roared after it. It came up so fast that it seemed to be following the train right into the tunnel. Fifty feet from the opening, the Mosquito flipped upwards. At the same time a 500-pound bomb hurtled from the screaming plane and plumped directly into the mouth of the tunnel.

The mountain collapsed on the train.

This was only one incident in a single day's activity of a type of aircraft that just a year ago was called The Winged Packing Case, The Flying Egg Crate, and, ominously, The Flying Coffin. Within forty-eight hours, the following also occurred:

A Mosquito night fighter caught an Me-210 coming in over the London area, tore in from above and behind so fast that the Messerschmitt never had a chance to fire a burst. A single murderous blast from the Mossie's four 20-mm. cannon and four .303-calibre machine guns ripped the Messerschmitt in half—

A squadron of Mosquito high-altitude bombers slashed across the night sky at Berlin 500 miles away, caught the enemy flat-footed, and demolished an electrical factory—

A squadron of Coastal Command long-range Mosquito fighters sighted a squadron of JU-88s on submarine patrol over the Bay of Biscay a thousand miles further south, and chased the Nazis back over France—

Mosquito reconnaissance planes took photographs deep over western Germany from high and low altitudes, evading Me-110s sent up to intercept them, as easily as if the attackers were Anson Trainers—

Civilian Mosquito transports flew their regular Long Distance Night Express run from London to Stockholm.

There are no less than fifteen types of Mosquitoes in operation today, embracing all known forms of combat aircraft except heavy bombardment. This extraordinary variety is one of the four reasons that have given the Mosquito the title of "miracle plane" of the war. The other three reasons are:

"... might just as well be building a house, except that I keep my feet dry."



The Germans call it "the ghost raider," and shudder when they hear the peculiar whine of its wooden wings. The RAF calls it "the plane without vices" and "the first jack-of-all-trades plane." It's faster than any enemy fighter in operation—and it's made by carpenters and cabinet makers.



Drawings by
Sgt. John Scott

(1) except for a few minor metal reinforcements the plane is made completely of wood, and is built by ordinary carpenters, cabinet-makers and joiners; (2) all types of Mosquitoes, even those carrying a bomb load, are faster than any enemy fighter (its known rate of level flight is well over 400 miles per hour, and it has been dived at 600 miles an hour); (3) the plane in 1939 wasn't even in the blue print stage.

THE Mosquito is strictly a product of the war. Called "the plane without vices," it was designed after the war got under way when the needs for the most nearly perfect combat aircraft were at last clearly understood. No other plane in widespread operation today has enjoyed that advantage, and pilots of all categories clamor for an opportunity to fly it.

It has been called "The first jack-of-all-trades among planes."

The Germans call it "the ghost raider."

And Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfred Freeman, who risked his neck in the early days by pressing for the production of the wooden plane in the face of almost universal opposition, said, "If we had to stop production on every other plane except heavy

bombers, we still could run a pretty efficient air force with Mosquitoes alone."

The first two basic types of the Mosquito, the Mark II fighter and the Mark IV bomber, were first reported in action in September, 1942. Since then, the aircraft has hung up a remarkable record. A pilot had breakfast in England one morning, flew to Russia in a Mosquito for lunch, and returned to England that same day in time for tea. This little jaunt involved a round trip of three thousand miles—which meant the same plane could have carried passengers from New York to Los Angeles in about eight hours. During the Battle of Sicily, another Mosquito flew non-stop in a single afternoon from England to Malta and back (2,700 miles) without batting a figurative eyelash.

In their first publicized action, four Mosquitoes, led by Squadron Leader D. A. G. Parry, suddenly popped up over Oslo, Norway, on September 25th, 1942, travelling ten feet above the rooftops at 400 miles an hour. Before the German AA gunners could get to their feet, the Mosquitoes were gone. Behind them, however, a single building had been blown sky high by eight 500-pound bombs dropped from 20 feet. Nothing else in the city was hit. The building was Gestapo headquarters.

The second big Mosquito raid took place at Copenhagen on January 28th, when RAF Wing Commander Hughie Edwards led a squadron on a devastating attack on the Burmeister and Wain submarine shipyards. The attack was carried out with the same deadly accuracy. Not a single bomb missed the target. Observers in Sweden across Copenhagen harbor saw the huge fires raging, and reported that a thousand plane heavy bomber raid had hit the Danish capital. Here, too, a playful Mosquito pilot shot up Gestapo headquarters in the Raadhusplads from rooftop level.

The same meticulous accuracy was maintained in a thousand-mile bombing assault on the Zeiss optical works at Jena in southeast Germany; also in the destruction of the war's tiniest target, a little concrete building above a lake at Knaben, Norway. Coming to this target, the Mosquitoes flew in single file through ravines, with the mountain walls towering 500 feet above them. When they had passed over the pinpoint target, nothing was left but wreckage of the little building where most of Germany's vital molybdenum ore had been processed.

It was a Mosquito, piloted by Wing Commander R. W. Reynolds, that sent Hermann Goering scurrying to a shelter last year, just before the Fat Man was scheduled to make an important speech in Berlin.

It was a heavily loaded, unarmed civilian Mosquito plane operated by British Overseas Airways Corporation that outran German fighter planes in the Skagerrak on the way to Stockholm, earning the pilot, Gilbert Rae, and the navigator, James Payne, the O.B.E. and the M.B.E. respectively.

It was the Mosquito intruders that limited big German night-bombing attacks on England by making it suicide for the Nazis to use flare paths on their airfields for longer than a few minutes at a time.

It was the Mosquitoes which came along the day after the big Berlin raids and neatly and deliberately knocked down the Adlon Hotel, the only building left standing on the Unter den Linden.

"This plane," said one American pilot at an RAF Mosquito base, "is like an all-American end on a football team. It catches touchdown passes, carries the ball on reverses and end around plays, and spends most of its time playing in the enemy's backfield."

The Mosquito is built around powerful Rolls-Royce

THERE ARE FIFTEEN COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TYPES OF MOSQUITOES—

FIGHTERS

Day long-range oceanic patrol fighter.

Night home defense interceptor.

Night fighter over enemy territory.

INTRUDERS

Day intruder fighter-bomber.

Night intruder fighter-bomber.

BOMBERS

Day low-attack bomber.

Day high-attack bomber.

Night low-attack bomber.

Night high-attack bomber.

PHOTOGRAPHIC-RECONNAISSANCE PLANES

Day low-and-medium-altitude plane.

Day high-altitude plane.

Night low-and-medium-altitude plane.

Night high-altitude plane.

TRANSPORT PLANES

Night Transport.

Day Transport.

Merlin engines—"the engine that saved Britain's life in 1940 in the Hurricane and the Spitfire." Its sleek plywood construction makes it extra light and maneuverable, and the thousands of rivet heads that appear on the outer surface of all metal planes are completely missing on the Mossie. This smooth surface is estimated to give the plane about 30 miles per hour more in air speed.

WING COMMANDER BRAY has said that the Mosquito gets better single-engine performance than any other twin-engine aircraft in operation, and Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, Jr., chief test pilot, has consistently put the plane through the same loops and dives with one engine off as he has with both on. Pilots have reported the same kind of performance in action.

The Mosquito is also reported to have the most efficient heating system of any plane in operation today, the insulation of the wood structure and the lack of air holes and drafts making it possible for the pilots to go up to Flying Fortress heights wearing no protective clothing other than flight jacket and boots. "I never even once," says night fighter pilot Schultz, "got a cold fanny."

The wooden construction, strangely enough, also makes the plane less vulnerable to enemy fire. In the first place, at low level, the plane is light enough to flick-roll and zig-zag at such high speed that it is almost impossible to hit with flak. In the second place, when the Mosquito is hit, fragments go right through the wood, making a clean break (easily repaired in a few moments with strips of plywood, a pot of glue, and a hand saw) rather than the rough,



jagged hole which is ripped in a metal surface (requiring oxyacetylene welding and days of work).

The Mosquito's wooden wing is stated to be one of the strongest ever built. It can hold the weight of seventy men standing on it from tip to tip. And there is the classic story of the RAF Squadron Leader who came down on an emergency field with his Mosquito pretty well shot up. On landing, his wing hit a ten-ton steamroller parked on the field. The Mosquito merely pushed the steamroller 30 feet into a pit; the wing stayed on. Another pilot sheared five feet off his wing when he hit a cable over Berlin, but he flew his Mosquito back to Britain and made a perfect landing.

Fire is another thing which, peculiarly enough, the wooden Mosquito can resist as well as a metal plane. "The reason for this," says E. W. Parson, superintendent of repairs at the De Havilland Mosquito plant, "is that usually it is fuel that burns, not the structure of the plane. Here the solid panel plywood construction, without air holes which cause drafts, tends to smother the fire."

A Canadian pilot, Flight Lieutenant M. A. Cybulski, blew up a Dornier and, in the process, got his Mosquito fighter sprayed with gallons of flaming gasoline. With his rudder burned completely off and one engine out, Cybulski dived his plane 4,000 feet and suffocated the fire. He then calmly made his way home on one engine, arriving with scarcely more than a skeleton for the rear end of the plane, and nothing to report on performance except—"that she did seem a little heavy in the tail."

According to official figures released by the British Air Ministry, only eleven aircraft were lost out of a thousand sorties over enemy territory up to November and, 1943. And its rate of effective bombing is almost as good as the heavy bombers, in certain respects. It makes up in striking speed and low-level accuracy on long-distance targets what the heavies have in greater bomb load. And, most important of all, is the psychological impact. The Germans never know whether the planes they hear are Mosquitoes or heavy Lancasters, and often a Mosquito raid will be used as a sort of left jab or feint to knock the enemy off balance for the right-hand punch of the heavies.

The Mosquito is made on a large scale, not only in England but in Australia and Canada as well. In Canada it is made out of Canadian spruce and Oregon pine. The Packard Company in Detroit turns out the Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, and the Hamilton Company (Conn.), the propellers. Like the British plane, it is made in parts by hundreds of subcontracting furniture manufacturers and is put together in scores of assembly plants.

The plane is made in huge sections, the principal ones of which are the fuselage, in two longitudinal half-shells (fitting together like separate halves of a toy Easter egg), and the wing, which is made all in one piece. The finally assembled fuselage drops into place over the wing.

The plywood is built up in layers by first stretching three thin sheets of birch or spruce over a steel and concrete mould and gluing the sheets together with a special, powerful, synthetic glue. Pressure is then applied by uniform steel bands all over the mould, pressing the wood into shape and forcing the glue directly into the molecular structure of the wooden "skin." A layer of balsa wood is then glued over this first skin, and an outer skin of three-ply birch is built up and glued over the balsa. Throughout the process the same steel-band pressure is applied. The body wall of the plane, when it is finished, is three-eighths of an inch thick and actually is a sandwich of balsa wood meat, with two pieces of plywood for the bread.

The two half-shells of the fuselage are shipped to an assembly plant, where they are fitted complete with their internal equipment, wiring, etc., and then glued together. Space for doors, etc., is merely sawed out of the completed half-shell.

The wing is built up the same way over strong wooden spars and cross bars. Long, thin spruce wood stringers run between the skins from wing tip to wing tip. Since the top of the wing gets the terrific stresses in flight, the upper surface is covered with two plywood skins with no balsa filler. The

bottom surface is just a single skin. In cross section, the wing looks like a thin, tight honeycomb of matchboxes, with space for the engine nacelles and self-sealing gas tanks.

Finally a linen fabric is "doped" on the surface of the plane to protect the wood from the weather, and in a censored number of hours, a full-grown Mosquito emerges—tall and long-legged and streamlined, beautiful as a thoroughbred—all ready to fly.

A Mosquito plant is a fantastic thing to see. You walk in, and instead of the normal factory sounds there is an almost deafening hammering and sawing—like a gargantuan, supernatural carpenter shop. Ninety per cent of the men are master carpenters, joiners or cabinet makers who merely picked up their tool kits and moved over to this novel kind of war work. According to Arthur Garment, an ex-joiner now working as a "chippie" in the De Havilland plant, "I'm using exactly the same tools I worked with for twenty years building houses in St. Albans. The only new additions are a hook I picked up from the floor, bent properly for cleaning out the balsa from between two layers of plywood, and a sharp scraper that I made from one of my old planing irons. Otherwise, I might just as well be building houses—except that here I work inside all day and keep my feet dry."

Working side by side with these craftsmen in the big, modern, air-conditioned De Havilland plants are thousands of girls who were plucked from schools, offices and shops by the Ministry of Labor. First, they were sent to Salisbury Hall in Colney, London,

for an eight weeks' course in tool handling and wood-working. Then they were put to work alongside the experienced carpenters as "chippie girls." After a few weeks, they were doing the same jobs as the men—and as well. Many, like Jessie Grey, an ex-dressmaker from London, will never go back to their old trades.

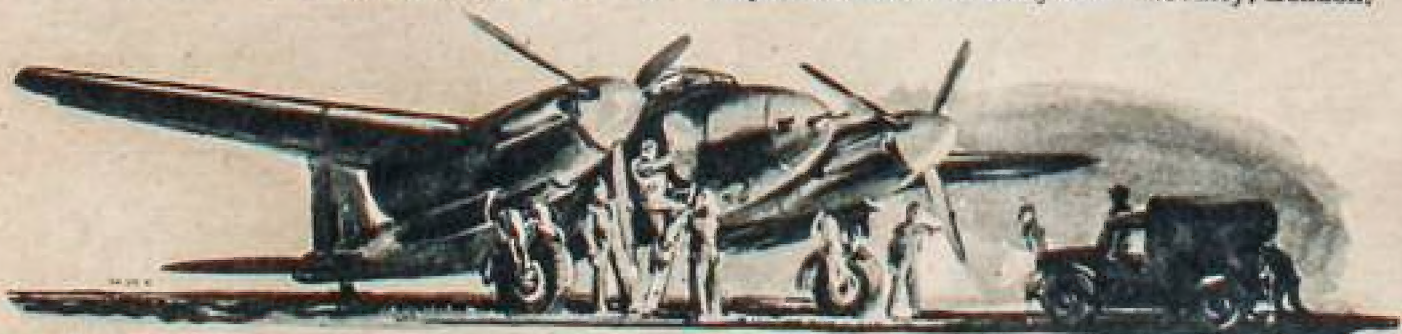
Making Mosquitoes is almost a religion with these people. They rush home at night to listen to the nine o'clock news for word of what the "Mossies" did that day. They pin up pictures of Mosquito pilot-heroes above their benches. And when an inspector returns from examining crashed Mosquitoes in the field, they anxiously inquire about the planes' numbers. They remember every one they worked on.

When a civilian Mosquito crashed in Sweden after a brush with German fighters, Joe Tulip, the assistant foreman of the repair division, was flown there to try to repair the ship sufficiently for it to get back to England under its own power. Tulip arrived at the tiny backwoods Swedish airdrome where the Mosquito had crashed, and surveyed the almost-demolished plane.

The fuselage was smashed, the landing gear crumpled. Hardly a transverse support remained. But Tulip rounded up three Swedish carpenters and set to work. He had to build trestles, and a platform for a tiny jack—the only one available. He had to work 14 hours a day with Swedish carpenters—none of whom understood a word of English.

For six months he toiled with saw and glue pot—and gestures. Once he was so desperate to get a special piece of topskin plywood that he was about to send a Swedish friend to Germany to buy it. But the Arctic nights lengthened and the plywood was able to be flown in from England. Finally, after six months of backbreaking toil, the Mosquito took off and flapped its way wearily to Stockholm, where the repairs were completed. Tulip came home, completely exhausted.

"I wouldn't," he said, "have done that for my mother. Only a Mosquito was worth it."





MOSQUITO PILOT



JOE SCHULTZ, whose Mosquito night fighter has now ripped apart four Nazi bombers and three Nazi trains, is 20 years old. He is gangling, six feet two inches tall, and when he grins, which is often, his broad, blond-thatched face looks like a genial adolescent gargoyle. When he went to Manning Depot in Western Canada to enlist in the RCAF last year, someone called him "Joe." Instead of saying that his name wasn't Joe but

Rayne, he merely grinned in embarrassment and answered. So the name Joe has stuck, and nobody in his flight even knows that his real name is Rayne.

Joe Schultz is a kid. He is engaged to a Scottish girl named Ann Fraser, who is serving now as an RAF Princess Mary nurse in Africa. Ann used to insist, over his protest, that he keep his face smooth-shaven. But the moment she was gone, he started growing a moustache—a thin, blond wisp that hardly can be seen. He smokes big black cigars, and wrestles and tussles with the other men in his squadron, just the way kids do.

There is another thing about Joe Schultz. He can't stand the sight of blood. Violence sickens him.

When he was back in his home town of Bashaw in Alberta, he used to hunt a lot. He loved hunting and hated it at the same time. He would go out to Mud Lake near his father's farm, sit in a blind all day long, and bring down green-necked mallards with his 12-gauge shotgun. He was a wonderful shot, but he couldn't bear to go over and pick up the bleeding bodies of the ducks. (For that reason, he is, even today, a strict vegetarian.) It was the same way with deer and coyote. He could drop a stag at 200 yards practically with open sights, but someone else would have to go out and lug the venison in.

JOE was born in Alberta and was brought up in the little town of Bashaw, near Edmonton. His father was a German immigrant who came to the Western Hemisphere without a cent and ended up with a charming Canadian wife and acre upon acre of beautiful rolling wheat fields in one of the richest parts of the Dominion. Young Joe went to Bashaw High School. He was a terror at first base on the school softball team (that's the big spring sport in Canada), and whenever his big lanky frame leaned into a high hard one, you usually could kiss the ball game goodbye.

He was just fair as a right wing on the hockey team, mainly because every once in a while the stick in his bull-whip arms would knock somebody's teeth out, and that bothered him.

He tried to emulate his father as a marksman. Alongside a hunk of silver from the Lincoln Cathedral, given him by his fiancée for good luck, he wears a little Maple Leaf under the pocket flap of his uniform. The Maple Leaf stands for 98 bulls-eyes out of 100 shots at a target 25 yards away with a .22 calibre rifle, open sights, and makes Joe a member of the Canadian Marksmen's Club. The bulls-eye was about the size of a quarter. That's the kind of sport Joe likes.

In June of 1941, Joe was about to graduate from high school and he was beginning to get restless. So, a month before commencement, he picked himself up and went down to Brandon to enlist in the RCAF. He went in as an AC-2, which is lower than a private. But he showed an amazing aptitude for planes, as kids sometimes do, and soon he was in flight training. He started on Tiger Moths and was recommended as a fighter pilot.

The book says a good fighter pilot must have split-second reactions, excel at aerobatics and possess good all-round flying ability. Schultz has another theory.

"A fighter pilot," he says, "must be nuts, without an ounce of brains in his head. He must react by instinct, without having a chance to think. If you're smart and you think, you get scared. In a bomber you get plenty of chance to think and get scared. But there are too many other fellows around watching you, so you don't dare turn yellow."

Young Schultz went on to Anson trainers and got his wings as a sergeant-pilot. Then he was sent to England and got in some training on Beaufighters. He was commissioned a pilot officer at about the same time. He saw his first Mosquito (or "Mossie," as the RAF boys call them) when he first came over in May, 1942. He was standing on the field when the Mossie was wheeled up for the take-off. He watched the slim, clean lines of the ship. Then his eyes popped when the Mossie went "zip" off the ground like a beautiful, streamlined rocket. His

eyes popped still further when the Mosquito overtook and passed a Spitfire as if it were standing still. "That's for me," said Joe Schultz to himself. And kid-like, he began to long for a Mosquito, like a new bat or a hockey stick.

A few months later, he got one. He took no special training. He just climbed in and went "zip." And from then on he never flew anything else but a Mossie.

In February, 1943, Joe went on his first mission. He flew 500 miles and sat over an airfield in Denmark during the big raids on Hamburg, which he could see burning less than 50 miles away. He zoomed around and dared the enemy fighters to come up. But nothing happened. All he got on the long trip was a sore fanny that kept him from sitting on his bunk for two days.

On his third mission, he was sent over France with the instructions, "Just raise as much hell as you can." Joe liked that. He and Vern Williams, his navigator-observer, shot up three trains and turned around to go home. Over the Channel they ran smack into a Dornier 217, coming in at 6,000 feet to bomb England. It was night, but the moon was out, and Joe saw the silhouette of the Dornier a long way off. Joe wasn't scared. He was just excited.

It was like suddenly seeing a moose coming toward him through the woods. Besides, there wasn't time to get scared. In five seconds the Mosquito was above and behind the Dornier. One burst smashed the Germans' cockpit. Three men baled out. But the pilot was dead. Joe could see him slumped and bleeding in the wreckage of the cockpit as he went past. Joe was sick to his stomach when he got back to the field.

On December 10, fifteen or sixteen missions later, Flying Officer Joe Schultz was out on regular night patrol, when Fighter Command flashed the message that Dornier 217s had crossed the coast and were heading for the London area. Joe went out to find them.

Suddenly, over East Anglia, Joe caught the silhouette of the first enemy plane. The Mosquito darted in, and with a single burst, set the Dornier's starboard engine on fire. The top turret gunner fired at Schultz, but Joe swung the Mosquito around and streaked in again from above and astern. The Dornier started to dive. At about 15,000 feet, Joe put another burst into the center of the bomber's fuselage. The Dornier blew up. Wide-eyed, Joe and Vern Williams watched the plane disintegrate. No one baled out.

The second Dornier didn't have a chance. Joe came in dead astern and got in one long burst. He kept his finger on the trigger until the bomber blew up. It was like a dream. One moment there was a plane in front of him. The next moment he was flying through bits of flaming wreckage. The explosion took place when Schultz was fifty feet away and travelling at more than 400 miles per hour. It was a miracle that the explosion or the flying debris didn't take the Mosquito down with it.

Ninety seconds later, young Joe Schultz, his grinning grey eyes narrowed, sighted his third Dornier. The Dornier took violent evasive action and began to climb. Schultz, however, got in two short bursts between 9,000 and 15,000 feet. The Dornier struck back with its belly and tail guns. Then Joe got mad and swarmed in on the Dornier from all sides, attacking like an enraged middleweight prizefighter in the ring. The Dornier's port motor went out, but still it was able to shake off its angry Mosquito tormentor.

FINALLY, in one long dive, the Dornier went down to sea level in an attempt to escape the terrier-like attacks of the Mosquito. Schultz followed the bomber all the way down, and twisted and turned with it just a few feet above the sea. It was one of those movie dogfights, in the dark, at 300 miles an hour. Schultz's plane was ripped and torn by the Dornier's turret guns. His wings were sieved. His port motor was burning. A 13-mm. shell whizzed by his head and exploded in the cockpit. The instrument panel was shattered. Miraculously, Williams was uninjured and Schultz got only a cut hand. Still Joe Schultz would not let up the relentless pursuit.

Finally, Schultz caught the Dornier in his sights, and leading it like a duck, got in one final burst with the last of his ammunition. This last burst set the Dornier's starboard motor on fire and killed the pilot. The Dornier went up on its tail, and then wearily slid back into the sea.

Schultz put out the fire in his own port engine with the automatic fire extinguisher, and travelling on the starboard engine alone, headed for the nearest emergency base.

The entire action had taken just fifteen minutes.

Later, 20-year-old Joe Schultz said: "When it was over, I began to think. I caught myself saying: 'Maybe there was another guy named Joe Schultz in one of those planes I shot down.' And I felt sick like when I used to shoot ducks. But then I began to think of what that Joe Schultz would be like—how he thought, how his mind had been trained to work. And all of a sudden, I didn't feel sick at all. I was dead tired. But not sick."



DESPAIR

This remarkable document, which came into the possession of Ilya Ehrenburg, famous Russian war correspondent, was found on the body of Lt. K. F. Brandes, an officer in the German Army, who was killed on October 4th, on the right bank of the Dnieper south of Dniepropetrovsk. What some German soldiers think about the war may be reflected in the following passages taken from that diary.

JUNE 28. The panzer division has been on the move since yesterday. It will be a long time before we recover from our winter losses. Much might have been avoided if there had been less stupidity and arrogance. We are the victims of our own propaganda.

Now we are staggering, as we did in the first World War. The beginning was splendid. A German spring dawned over Europe. But that's finished. This is our last fight for the German dream for a good thousand years.

July 2. It's a fine summer day, and the sunflowers are out. But I'm far from happy. Cologne suffered heavily again. I often look at my son's photograph. How will his life shape? Will he want to be a soldier?

July 6. It will soon be the fifth year, and the end's not in sight. Yesterday our offensive began north of Kharkov. We've had enough to endure this year. It's time we did something.

The officers in the S.S. division are astonished at the pessimism in our division. But then, they've picked men, the finest human material. Their corporals would be sergeants in our division. And they're always drinking and carousing, whereas our fellows often haven't enough to eat. Even so, the S.S. loot and rob the inhabitants for all they're worth.

July 9. If I were ten years younger, I'd join the S.S. and become an S.S. fuhrer. Of course, they're narrow-minded and excessively optimistic, but still, the young new Germany lives in them.

July 14. Not very encouraging news. Heavy bombing of the Rhineland. Our beautiful country is being devastated. Can it be the beginning of the end? Is it possible that all will be lost again in the fifth year of war?

We're all happy idiots and dupes. But the number of those who realize the truth is growing. We are fighting for our *lebensraum* and for our German way of life.

July 17. Yesterday the Russians started a big offensive on our sector. The main blow was directed against the southern flank, between Petrovskaya and Izyum. The Russians managed to break through everywhere. The 466th Regiment was being held in the rear as reserve, but by mid-day the situation had become so serious that we were sent into action.

Everything has been in a terrible muddle all day. Commands and counter-commands. We even sent into action a company of convalescents who had arrived from Germany only yesterday. One rifle for three men!

July 18. The Russians are bombing our positions and our rear area. They attacked with tanks, after which the Viking S.S. troops went into action. Local penetrations were stemmed, but the Russian attacks are gaining in intensity. They fight very stubbornly. We have used all our reserves.

August 3. We've every right to be proud of our defence. This is the first time the Russians have ever dared attack in summer.

August 4. If the Russians succeed in ejecting us from their country, Russia will become stronger. Nobody will be able to cope with them then for many decades. Hamburg heavily bombed again. It's too much. It looks as though 1943 will be the blackest year in German history.

August 5. We've surrendered Orel. I helped to take it, nearly two years ago, and got the Iron Cross, 2nd degree. Today I was presented with the Iron Cross, 1st degree.

August 15. It's absurd to say the war can last another four years. What will the end be? No triumph, but death without honor. Germany must endure!

August 23. The Russians were jubilating in their trenches this morning. We decided they were going to attack, but it turned out we had surrendered Kharkov. And the bombing of Germany continues.

August 24. The bombing of Berlin depressed us all. Elizabeth (the diarist's wife) and I may easily



DESPAIR



DOUBT

find ourselves beggars. And how attached we are to our things.

August 25. Himmler is Home Minister. We continue along our predestined path. Many intelligent people think that the least attempt at independent thought is dangerous. High treason, even. Yet something drives me to think it out to the end and to understand the cause. But my conclusions I dare not confide even to my diary.

September 1. This drama that began four years ago is rapidly turning into a tragedy. The front still holds, but there are all the signs of retreat. The agricultural leaders have had to give up before the finish of the harvest. Germany won't get much. . . . What a pity! Potatoes, maize, sunflowers, pumpkins, all ungathered in the fields. And in Germany millions of homeless are tramping the roads. . . . We'll never recover what we're losing now. Can it really be that we'll lose the whole of Russia?

And the bombing of Germany goes on. We're all hoping for one thing—the long-promised blow at England. If that doesn't come off, it will mean the end.

September 8. There are enough sunflowers around here to keep a small town well supplied with oil. The barns are crammed with oats, barley, rye and wheat. It's all threshed, but we won't be able to get it away. What we are leaving behind here would be enough to feed Berlin for a whole year. It makes one's heart ache.

Some of the inhabitants are hiding in the maize fields. They don't want to leave. You can hear the women groaning and the children crying. When Germans hear these lamentations they think of Germany. My thoughts keep reverting to our home in Berlin. We had so many lovely things—pictures, furniture, books. . . .

September 9. The Donets cannot hold out. Who would have thought that the Russian offensive would prove so successful.

We have just had the news of Italy's unconditional surrender. The sun is shining. I would rather the earth were wrapped in darkness. The last act of the tragedy has begun. The winter will be a very gloomy one for us. Now a very hasty retreat will begin.

We should have got rid of our incompetent politicians long ago. We are paying for their folly and conceit. We conquered all Europe, but success turned our heads. We became vain and supercilious, and our rulers lost all sense of proportion. In my opinion, Hitler is a big personality, but he lacks depth and penetration. He is a dilettante in practically every sphere. Obviously he is a poor judge of character.

Goering is perhaps the most popular of all. He is not a dogmatist, but a man of common sense. But he, too, is striding over corpses. As to Himmler's convictions and aims, they may be judged by his exterior. Goebbels is cunning, but shallow—a backstairs politician, a representative of the Third Estate, a proletarianized Talleyrand.

Funk doesn't look quite Aryan. He is grotesque and ugly. His frivolity and easy optimism are partly the cause of our misfortunes. Ley is like Funk in external appearance. Vain and egotistical, cast apparently in the same mould. Ribbentrop is a *gentilhomme comme il faut* from the Third Reich—unmistakably bad education and breeding, a parvenu. And in the military field, too, there is not a single big figure, with the exception of Rommel. If only we were strong enough to hurl the Americans into the Mediterranean and start operations against England!

September 10. Burning villages everywhere. What a misfortune that we are unable to hold this fertile region at least for another month! Wild pictures of flight and disorder. A retreat always costs more blood and material than an offensive. But why this haste? In Lozovaya we saw the chief—von Mackensen. He, too, was not distinguished for his calm and restraint. When the Russians tried to break through he lost his head.

September 27. On the 24th I was in Dniepropetrovsk, which was in process of being evacuated. Many scenes of woe. Large-scale demolition operations. Sinister signs were multiplying. Supply columns and rear service troops swelling inordinately.

Yesterday I saw a regimental supply column of not less than 950 men. The regimental commander deserves to be arrested. Why, there aren't as many men in our whole regiment. And all of them were dragging their women and impedimenta along with them.

In every way it is worse now than in 1914-18. Our fighting strength has gone, while the Russians are growing stronger and stronger. Today alone the general committed nine men of our battalion to court martial for running away. What a pass we have reached in the fifth year of war! Yesterday the Russians established a bridgehead on our side of the Dnieper. For two days they've been beating



What do They Think? ...TODAY!

off our powerful counter-attacks and inflicting heavy casualties on us.

September 28. Russian artillery is very powerful. Serious dissension between the colonel and the general.

Panzer and dive bomber attacks have been little help. The infantry are seriously weakened. There are more staff officers in the ranks than privates. Complete muddle . . . the Russians are firing like mad.

September 29. I took over the 1st Company—a mere handful. There are only 26 soldiers left in the whole battalion.

The Russian guns have been at it for hours. We were ordered to assemble our remnants. After mid-day there were shouts that the front had been pierced. All the units began to retreat, and broke into a wild flight. I was in a small village, and tried in vain to stem the tide. It was a terrible picture of demoralization. I had to kick one young officer in the backside, but it had no effect. By threatening, I managed to collect ten men together.

October 3. I am commanding the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Companies. Actually, all three companies together consist of not more than 30 men. In our company there were twins from Abace who deserted, and now address us through loudspeakers.

The way our wounded swear now! I've never heard anything like it. . . . Inspected our new positions. Everything would be all right if only we had soldiers. No general offensive towards the Dnieper is being planned, as we haven't enough forces. On the contrary, further breakthroughs by the Russians are expected.


Been writing letters to the relatives of the fallen. It's astonishing how quickly some people console themselves. Three wives wrote asking to have their dead husband's shaving sets.

. . . One of the officers had a Spanish newspaper with all sorts of interesting news. I also read some entirely new opinions of Hess. The gibes go well with our utterly stupid policy. We had been given a distorted view of the world and things in general for so long that we began to take our own illusions for truth.

Lively artillery activity today in the direction of Zaporozhe. They say we have already begun to blow up everything there. I hope to God it's not true. It'll make our position here more critical than ever. After all, the receding tide must stop somewhere. And it must be here on the Dnieper.

. . . Soldiers fight badly in the fifth year of war. It's risky to use them. It's practically impossible to make them go into action. I'm on the run from early dawn till late at night, whipping up and encouraging the men. We must hold on. Towards the end of the day the Russians pierced our right flank along a wide front, and about a hundred of them took up positions in our rear. In the east and the south we are hemmed in by the Dnieper. The road to the west is cut. There's no hope of big counter-attacks. We haven't the reserves.

Later. We've just received orders to discard everything we can't carry with us. That means we're to retreat again. That's too much! It's almost impossible to bear. There's a limit to everything. . . .



A photo pilot brought back this picture of an aircraft factory near Nantes, heavily bombed by Fortresses.

Aerial Scouts Over Germany

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—At twelve noon, Lt. Earle V. Skiff, toggled out in flying clothes, and his commanding officer, Major George A. Lawson, rode down to the line together in a jeep. This was to be Skiff's first photo reconnaissance flight over Europe. Lt. Skiff is a small, compact youngster with short-cropped, blond hair, and the major is one of those young Air Corps majors—only 23. The major had made these missions before and tomorrow he might be going up again. But this was Lt. Skiff's day. The major said something to him, and young Skiff nodded his head a few times. Then a photographer took Skiff's picture . . . "just to make 'em feel good for that first trip," said the major. A handshake. Then Lt. Skiff climbed into the cockpit. The grass, back of the P38, flattened out in the slipstream as the engines picked up. Seconds later the plane was climbing up the sky like a monkey going up grapevine.

Watching Skiff take off, you could say that this airfield was indisputably the quietest airfield in the world. Today it was fairly clear, about seven-tenths visibility, and the field was having its absolute maximum of excitement—about half a dozen take-offs of P38 reconnaissance planes spaced out through the morning. There was certainly none of the sound and fury of bomber take-offs. It was somewhat like a little airfield off Tobacco Road where the local boys bring their girls for a giggling trip on one of those "two dollars a ride" biplanes.

Up in the sky a single "swinging gate" P38 was climbing and a little Piper Cub over the control tower was placidly floating along like a duck going downstream.

It looked as simple as summertime in the Catskills, yet within the deceptively small, quiet rhythm of activity at this field is one of the great American accomplishments of the war.

It has been the camera eye beneath the noses of the P38's which has caught the naked truth about Nazi Europe through all the skilful camouflage of

The photo pilot makes his run across a target from a height of six to eight miles. At that altitude it is no larger than a hand below him. He lines the target up, picks his angle of approach, and then shoots his plane across it like a pitcher throwing a fast ball down the alley. Once he starts his run, he does it "blind," looking all around him for the enemy—because he is unarmed.

the Germans. It was photo reconnaissance which mirrored the truth about Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, St. Nazaire and La Pallice—before and after bombing smashed them. It has been, and still is, the photo pilots riding their gunless ships over enemy territory who have brought back the pictures which made the target clear for the bomber crews—the picture of Europe clear and unmistakable, including the fake airfields painted on the other side of the railroad tracks.

Shattered German chemical plants, airfields, instrument shops have been left in the wake of photo reconnaissance. The camera brings in the evidence. The bomber is the executioner.

Photos from altitudes over 30,000 feet ferreted out at Huls, Germany, the important synthetic rubber plant. Then the Forts went out and smashed Huls. On the books of Bomber Command the words "target destroyed" grows from week to week. From pictures to bombing to pictures is a double play like the standard classic "first to second to first" double play of baseball.

Young Skiff had gone up on a job of photo reconnaissance, to add another panel to that growing mosaic of Nazi Europe. It was 1230 hours. He was going out to get pictures through the "big three" of flying over Europe—flak, fighters and weather—except that, unlike fighters and bombers, he was unarmed.

Because the photo fliers work alone, without other ships close by to provide checks on navigation, they must be especially skilled at plotting a course. Because they are unarmed, they cannot strike at the enemy; and are wide open for the Nazi's Sunday

punch if that FW190 ever gets close enough. Whatever happened to Skiff today he could never know what it feels like to knock the enemy out of the sky.

There was another ship exactly like his, standing on the grass and ready for the take-off. High wing, two spars for fuselage, twin tail, no guns, no armor. A graceful deadly ship when armed, but this one was a hawk without talons—but hawk-eyes to see with; cameras that can come home with up to 250 pictures apiece. These, plus radio equipment had replaced guns. And the pilot's ability to do the job and get back depended on speed and evasive action—nothing more. That was what young Skiff had for his hole card up there today.

Because the photo planes come calling without guns, their pilots must keep their eyes swinging constantly around the horizon, swivel-fashion, and their ability at split-second evasive action must be the best to be found among fliers. As Colonel James G. Hall, who made the first American photo reconnaissance flight over Europe, said briefly, "Some of the young men get careless after four or five missions: they don't keep their eyes open, and get into trouble."

Photo pilots also develop their own peculiar "occupational" ailments, one of which is a plain old sore neck from having to keep their heads constantly turning. Another is "bends." These high fliers work between thirty and forty thousand feet—rarely below those altitudes, for under thirty thousand they would be suckers for an enemy diving attack. But too much altitude flying near the twilight zone of flight—42,000 feet—can produce "bends."

Young Skiff was up there now, probably over enemy territory and at an altitude somewhere between thirty and forty thousand feet. It was 1300 hours. He was probably threading his way cautiously along at a gay clip of better than 350 miles an hour. He was being very careful and keeping his eyes in motion. Today he was a scout in the sky. And, like the scout, he was going to bring back news of the enemy. Instead of tree cover there was cloud cover. For him the sky and everything in it over hostile territory was the enemy, just as any track in Western Kentucky was the enemy of Daniel Boone. This is an uncanny world of trails of vapor which tell a story; of noises in a headset which mean that men below are getting a "plot" on you so that the ack-ack and the guns of the fighters can blast hell out of you.

Because you can't fight back you keep eyes and ears peeled and if you have to run, then you run like hell.

"I ran across three trails," reported Lt. Robert Kinsell, another photo pilot. "I watched them closely to see whether or not they appeared to be gaining. The trails turned as if leading toward

Today, Skiff might experience something like Captain Hershell E. Parsons, who went over four targets on a single flight to Germany last April. Flak drove him off but he went in again and again like a dog worrying a rag. Over the North Sea, before actually getting into his target, he "felt symptoms of bends in my right wrist which, though not very painful, caused slight discomfort." He had to dive down a thousand feet before he crossed the enemy coast.

Then he began to make his runs like mad. "Photographs were taken of an aerodrome," he reported. "Then I proceeded to Flensburg and saw fires still burning from the bombing attack."

He made one run over the target with the flak ineffective. On the second run the firing became more intense.

"I then left Flensburg and set course for Kiel. On the way to Kiel, I noticed that there was one large vessel alongside at Eikenforde, so I made one run over this."

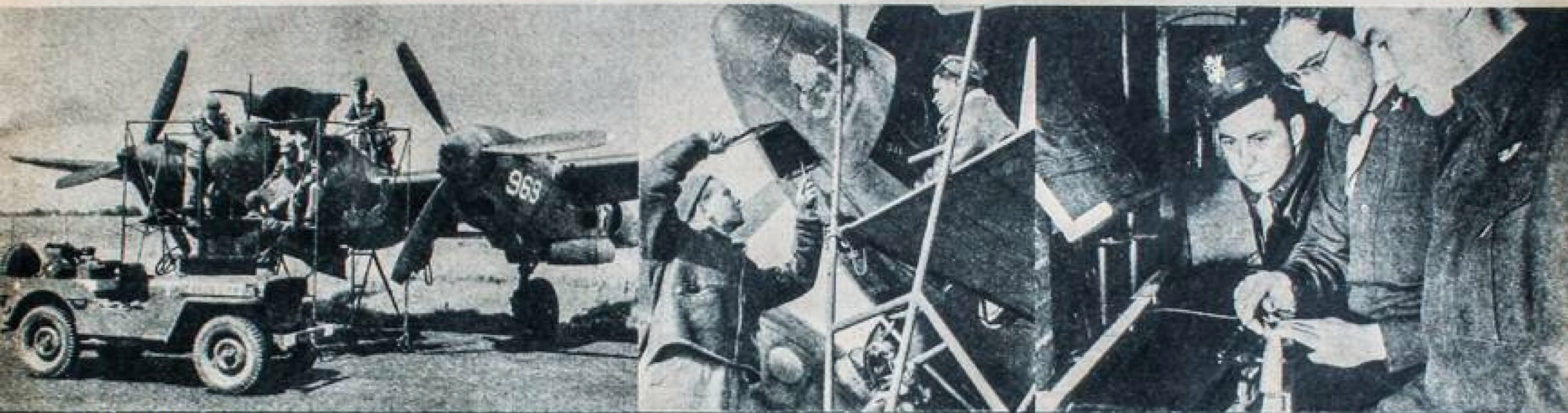
At Kiel he made his run, with the flak following him closely all along his course over the target. Like a basketball player making another attempt

on—so I dove beneath them. The FW190's abandoned chase but the ME109 chased me out to sea for 12 minutes.

Captain Wright made it home in another of those skin of the teeth landings, with a "wet handkerchief" supply of gas after having run a little over a thousand miles.

WEATHER, flak, fighters—and no guns. It is under these handicaps that photo reconnaissance has done its job in the European Theater. Now it was winter, with one and two weather fronts to move through. Also "Jerry's neck is getting thin." He has seen too many of these little single specks in the sky which mean that doom will follow shortly in the form of RAF or U. S. block-buster bombs. The Nazis cannot afford to allow any free snapshots of the Fatherland. The interception is getting rougher—

Young Skiff was due in. It was 1330 hours. The windsock near the control tower filled with air and pointed east. That tinny little roar overhead couldn't possibly be him. It was just that Piper Cub still having fun up there.



With the pilot only halfway out of his cockpit after his mission over enemy territory, the camera mechanics are already removing the film magazines which will reveal the story of a bombing.

Cpl. John T. McKenna, of Brooklyn, and S/Sgt. Joe Sisnero, of Visalia, Calif., check cameras before a take-off. They bring in the evidence.

Captains William Thomas, the photo-lab CO, William Lanham, intelligence officer, and Norris Hartwell, the pilot, look over pictures brought back by Hartwell.

Cherbourg. Then they stopped as if the aircraft were diving out of vapor trail altitudes. I twisted and doubled back until they lost me . . . Then I made one run over the target and headed out to sea, having shaken them off. About ten miles offshore they picked me up again but I was too far away by that time."

Now, at 1300 hours, Skiff was well into France. Behind him was the record of eight months of bringing the pictures back that told the story of Europe; a record of men "missing in action" and the others who had fought the combination of weather, fighters and flak so well.

Weather is a consistent enemy, the king of SNAFU, Inc. Reconnaissance fliers remember their missions by the weather they encountered . . . "I took off in seven-tenths visibility" . . . "over the target there was nine-tenths cloud cover and I dived down to 21,000 feet." Lt. George F. Owen, a photo pilot, was caught in a "ten-tenths cloud cover" over France . . . "In the whole distance between St. Valery and Tours I didn't recognize a patch of land I saw."

There is probably nothing more unnerving than being completely lost over unbroken cloud cover and in enemy territory.

Four enemy aircraft came abreast of Owen. It became a game of four angry cats and a single mouse.

"Several times I tried to turn east," Owen reported, "but each time the four aircraft turned with me . . . I did not turn out to sea because I was afraid I would lose the position of my target."

Caught between fighters who wouldn't let him "turn their flank" and weather below through which he could see nothing, Owen fled south through France almost to the Spanish border before turning north again. At least he knew that the sea was on his left—but that was all he knew. Heavy rain was falling as he came down through the clouds expecting to find England. But it was the French coast. He fled over the Channel—with no gas left according to the gauges—was picked up by patrol planes and escorted in to the nearest airfield "with not enough fuel left to wet a handkerchief."

at the basket, he "changed altitude, approaching the target from a different angle." The flak was intense and getting closer. It was enough to toss his plane around in the sky like a canoe on the Atlantic.

"I started evasive action by changing altitude and direction frequently and proceeding westward towards the North Sea. Upon looking back, the sky seemed filled with black puffs from bursting shells over Kiel."

As if Kiel and Flensburg and flak weren't enough, he made two more runs over Heligoland Island which had been attacked a few days previously by Forts, and saw more of the black stuff bursting. He had made eight runs over four targets, at all times under fire.

AND if it wasn't like that, Skiff might get caught like Captain James S. Wright, who was boxed in by flak and fighters, on a mission over Bremen, like a fly in a glass jar. "I turned into Bremen and kept swinging slightly to keep sight of the target, as the drift was considerable. Finally, I started my run, turning on my camera at the start of Bremen."

Flak again, heavy and close.

"The flak seemed to follow me on every course and every altitude. I headed north and dropped my tanks, turned to southeast and tried to slide in over Vegesack—however, again I met an intense barrage of ack-ack which seemed to completely box the aircraft at every position and altitude. The course of the aircraft was constantly being changed by the flak itself . . . I turned due west, going up to 32,000 feet . . . Again I was boxed by ack-ack."

"I attempted to turn northwest but was blocked by the approach of seven enemy aircraft, three of which were 190's that came from the general direction of Heligoland. I continued to northeast, keeping ahead of them. Two 190s were trying to swing over to my starboard quarter but seemed not to have sufficient speed to complete it . . . Then I was surprised by an ME109 which seemingly dove on me, coming in on my starboard quarter. The aircraft was very close and the pilot plainly discernible. As I came out of the turn, I met the FW190's head

It got onto 1400 hours. Another pilot went out on his one-man scouting job. This time it was Lt. Peter Manassero of San Mateo, California. He had been, oddly enough, a photographer in civilian life. Did some aerial photography before the war—some of it very melancholy stuff such as daring angle shots of cemeteries and estates and other photos of the same breezy kind. When he was through pilot training he let the Army know that he had done aerial photography before the war and so it seemed to him that he'd fit in very well with a photo reconnaissance outfit.

"That's all we want to know," said the Army. And Lt. Manassero found himself doing odd job flying for the Air Service Command. Finally, he landed in the right spot.

This was his first operational take-off, like Skiff's two hours ago. And, as in Skiff's case, there was the small fanfare of a first mission photograph. The CO came down, gave Pete Manassero a parting piece of wisdom, and the former demon photographer of estates and cemeteries was off—this time to catch the cemetery of Nazi Europe in his lens.

At 1405, Major Lawson, who had seen young Earle V. Skiff off, was standing with his back to the wind, waiting for the boy to return. Then we could all see him up in the sky. You knew it was Skiff, not because it was just another P38, but because, out of the pure joy of finishing that first one, he was playing games in the sky. He buzzed the field, climbed high and at last came in, taxi-ing to a stop on the grass.

The young Major, beaming, climbed up on the wing and helped Skiff out of the tight little cockpit. They stood together on top of the plane as if they owned the earth. When he took off his flying cap, Skiff's short-cut hair stuck up on his head like a lot of short-cropped grass. The ground mechanics pried under the belly to get out those precious film magazines. And up above, that Piper Cub was still lazily marching along with the wind.

"How was it?" asked the Major.

"It was O.K.," said Skiff. Though he was grinning, his eyes looked tired. "It was just nothing at all."



Off to the day's grind. Wacs at an ETO Marauder base are now as much a part of the life of the place as any Joe. Many of these girls work in the flight-control room and are right on their toes during a mission.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

The Sweetest Story Ever Told

"The British War Office has decided to issue wedding dresses to ATS who want them."
—NEWS ITEM.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE SUPPLY SERGEANT'S DREAM,

OR

THERE'S NEVER ANY SALVAGE IF THERE'S NEVER ANY STOCK

(A three-act play in one scene, or a one-scene play in three acts.)

(The scene is a Supply Sergeant's hangout, manned by a gent who is, oddly enough, neither an ATS nor even a Wac, but just a plain ordinary Joe—because that's the only kind of Supply Sergeant we know. It's possible, too, that the ATS privates who appear before him don't sound as British as they might, but that's because they're going to marry Americans. See ?)

Act I

(Curtain rises to disclose Supply Sergeant leaning on the counter of his establishment, staring into space—a position he remains in throughout the play, even if it runs a year. Enter first private.)

Supply Sergeant: We ain't got any.

First Private: You ain't got any what?

Supply Sergeant: Whatever it is you want.

First Private: But we were told to come down and get wedding dresses.

Supply Sergeant: Well, I said we ain't got any, didn't I? Some things come in marked "Wedding Dresses" last week, but I figured they must be marked wrong so I shipped them over to the shed to be used as gun wipers.

First Private: That was a shame. Do you expect any more in later?

Supply Sergeant: Maybe yes and maybe no. That's the set-up.

First Private: When do you think they might come in?

Supply Sergeant: Three weeks, maybe, or four, or it could be two months, six months, or a year. Come in some time around then.

(Curtain)

Act II

(Enter second private)

Supply Sergeant: We ain't got any.

Second Private: You ain't got any what?

Supply Sergeant: Whatever it is you want.

Second Private: Why, I saw the truck leave just half an hour ago and the corporal with the driver said there's dozens of wedding dresses

here. And I'm in a hurry for mine, because I'm getting married tomorrow.

Supply Sergeant: You marrying the corporal?

Second Private: No indeed.

Supply Sergeant: Then what's he shooting his mouth off for, I wonder.

Second Private: Perhaps he's just trying to be helpful.

Supply Sergeant: Hey! You want to ruin the kid's career? He's figuring on getting to be a supply sergeant himself some day, you know.

Second Private: Oh, I'm so sorry. But how about that dress?

Supply Sergeant: Well, if the corporal knows where there's dozens of them, he'll have to dig them up for you himself. But he's gone for the day.

Second Private: Oh, lord. What time do you open in the morning?

Supply Sergeant: That depends on what time I find the key, which got lost this morning. When that lock's locked tonight, it don't unlock

until the key turns up and if the key happens to be inside, we'll all be in a hell of a jam.

Second Private: Well, if there's nothing much in here to steal, why do you bother to lock up at all?

Supply Sergeant: Listen, girlie, you getting smart, or something? Suppose someone was to come along in the middle of the night and unload a whole mess of stuff on us. Then where'd we be? No more nice empty counters—no more nothin' to do nothin' to. Understand? Now scram! (Curtain)

Act III

(Enter third private)

Supply Sergeant: We ain't got any.

Third Private: You ain't got any what?

Supply Sergeant: Whatever it is you want.

Third Private: How about those new wedding dresses the corporal said came in?

Supply Sergeant: You been talking again, Stinky? (The Corporal's frowzy head appears from behind the counter where it has apparently found a pillow for the duration. It yawns.)

Corporal: All I said was—

Supply Sergeant: If you said anything about them dresses, you better finish saying it to this customer.

Corporal: Okay, okay. What size dress do you want?

Third Private: 38 bust, 42 hips.

(Supply Sergeant whistles like a wolf as the corporal trudges off and returns with an armful of filmy stuff, which he dumps on the floor.)

Corporal (digging down into the pile): Here's one, I guess, but I can't quite read the marking. (He braces both feet against the dresses, tugs, and falls back with a torn shred in his grimy fist. He holds the shred up to the light.) Yep! Just right—38 bust, 42 hips, and a happy honeymoon guaranteed. Here, I'll dig you out the rest of it and you can sew it together.

Third Private: I'm afraid it won't be very much good that way. Wedding dresses don't patch very well. Got any more like it?

Corporal: Nope. Nearest thing to it's a 32 bust, 40 hips. Want that? You could just take it in with a couple of pins here and there, I guess. There's one other here your size, but somebody's stamped "Use No Hooks" across the back, so I don't suppose you'd want that either. Of course, you might wear a corsage to cover that part, but then you couldn't sit down very well.

Third Private: But what am I going to do? I'm planning to get married next week.

Supply Sergeant: Weddings and wedding dresses is something to see your chaplain about. Not me.

Third Private: You mean to say you haven't a single dress my size?

Supply Sergeant: I don't mean to say anything except, as I told you before, we ain't got any of whatever it is you want.

(The curtain falls while, in the wings, a GI band, whose instruments got torpedoed on the way over, does its off-key best with "Lohengrin.")



WEDDING—ARMY STYLE

(Loop by courtesy of U.S.A.)



1. On the first day, soon after they were forced down, the men sit on their plane's wing with life rafts inflated, ready to abandon ship if it breaks up.



2. Is it a plane, or a gull? One of the men has taken out a pair of binoculars and is sweeping the skies. There is nothing to do but quietly watch and wait.



3. But they can still divide a day with resting and eating. This is chow time, with emergency rations. Eyes stray over the Pacific and ears listen for a plane.



4. A couple of days have gone by. The sun is out and the waves are small so a man can take a nap on the plane's wing while the others keep watching.

DOWN AT SEA

These pictures were taken by Lts. L. W. Frawley and F. J. Whiteside of the crew of a Navy plane that came down in the Pacific off Panama. On the third day adrift they were rescued.



5. It's not the sea bird that makes him grin. Off in the distance they've sighted a speck and it seems to have the shape of a flying boat.



6. No mistake, you don't need binoculars to see that it's a Navy ship, and with it comes an end to watching and wondering. Now that their position is known, rescue will come soon.

MP Sgt. William G. Fontenot (right) stands guard on a steep, crowded and flea-ridden street in the Casbah.



Behind the Lines

The camera jumps from one side of the world to the other to take pictures of what some soldiers see when they are resting or off duty. Here's the world-famous Casbah section in Algiers where GIs have to be escorted by MPs, and a rest camp in the South Pacific where a soldier might think he's on a civilian vacation.



Camp Stevens in the South Pacific was built to give GIs a rest but was made as un-GI as possible. You can play any game, basketball for example, at any time.



One of the popular features of the island camp is talking with Mary Lou Hastings and Mary Howard who run the Red Cross canteen.

An Algerian lady (not Hedy Lamarr) wants some information from Pfc. Isidore Breton.



Light from the sky cuts into Casbah streets with difficulty.



Natives draw water from a fountain under the curious eyes of an officer and an MP.



Two MPs on patrol descend a stairway out of the Casbah.



One of the few things at Stevens that smacks of the old routine. You line up to register and get blankets and mosquito bars issued to you. After that you're on your own.



At registration soldiers are assigned to tents for their one to three days' stay. They can have as much sleep as they want.

Virginia Mayo

YANK

Pin-up Girl



News from Home

The never-say-die boys were needling Congress to reconsider Prohibition, the heat was turned on the old Fascist crowd, and some strong words were exchanged about the effects of a strike threat on the progress of the war.

DREAMING of saying goodbye to bitter and sampling some of that good old American brew again? Well then, just get a load of this. The House Judiciary Committee, prodded into action by 100,000 petitions from Drys all over the country, decided it had better reconsider the Bryson Bill, which would put a stop to the sale of intoxicating beverages for the duration and six months thereafter—meaning, of course, no legal nips while you're waiting to get mustered out. The bill was stopped dead last March when it was introduced by Representative Joseph R. Bryson, Democrat of South Carolina, whose justification for it was that it would cut down absenteeism in war plants and speed up production.

Even the Prohibitionist spokesman, Representative Victor Wickersham, Democrat of Oklahoma, questioned the bill's constitutionality. "If we are to have Prohibition," he said, "we should do it by amendment to the Constitution. I doubt if Congress has the authority."

There probably was no great cause for immediate alarm. The general feeling seemed to be that the bill would die a second time. Representative Robert Ramspeck, Democrat of Georgia, said: "We did it in the last war and four million soldiers jumped on Congress for its action. There'll be at least eight million of them ready to complain if it's done again."

Looks as if they're finally catching up with some of those shady guys who used to sound off so fearlessly back in the days when democracy seemed to be having a rather tough time of it. A Federal Grand Jury in Washington indicted thirty persons, including two women, on charges of conspiracy to overthrow the U. S. Government and establish a National Socialist regime in its place. Among the specific counts in the indictment is one accusing the defendants of "intent to interfere with, impair, and influence the loyalty, morale, and discipline of the military and naval forces of the U. S."

The defendants, who if found guilty face jail terms of up to ten years and fines of up to \$10,000 each, include: William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Silver Shirts; George E. Deatherage, organizer of the Knights of the White Camelia; Elizabeth Dilling, author of *The Red Network* which made out just about everybody in the U. S. to be a Red; George Sylvester Viereck, propagandist; Peter Stahrenberg, publisher of *The National American*; Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, national American leader of the German American Bund; Herman Max Schwinn, Silver Shirts and West Coast leader of the Bund; and Lawrence E. E. Dennis, author of *The Coming American Fascism*.

THE national railway strike which was recently staved off at the last moment when the Government took over the lines, left a witch's brew of trouble in its nebulous wake. The first of the important repercussions came from an unnamed "high government personage" who told a press conference that the threatened strike had given Germany a propaganda weapon with which to help subdue internal uprisings in Europe by picturing the U. S. as being in a state of chaos. This, said the personage, would add to American casualty lists by prolonging the war.

The interview was hardly over when William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, asserted that the anonymous personage was none other than General George C. Marshall, chief of staff of the U. S. Army. Green and Philip Murray, head of the CIO, joined in demanding proof of the charge made concerning the effects of strike threats upon Axis propaganda.

Green's protest read in part: "We challenge General Marshall or anyone else to prove that the record of America's soldiers of production provides an effective propaganda weapon for the enemy. General Marshall's comments reportedly were provoked by the 'threats' of a railroad and steel strike. I hereby charge that the responsibility for prolongation of these disputes rests entirely upon bungling, fumbling, and incompetent handling by government officials and agencies. I hereby assert unequivocally that although a strike date had been set there never was the faintest possibility of an actual walkout on the nation's railroads. The railroad unions, most of which are affiliated with the AFL, gave their solemn assurance to the President and to Congress that there would be no railroad strike."

Murray had this to add: "More than 90 million tons of steel



That hunk of beef you see—not the guy with the cup—just won the prize for being the best steer in Illinois. He doesn't know it, but all he stands for is more and better beef for men in service. His owner is 17-year-old T. Richard Lacy, Jr.



Mrs. Ong Foon, born in China, and leader of the San Francisco Chinese community, has good reason to know what the war's all about. She's writing to one of her six sons, all of whom are in service.



"C'mon, kids, get cracking. I can't play nursemaid to you all day," says Cookie, the German shepherd. Man-power shortage in Chicago got her this job, they say.

Rochester, N. Y., that its 1943 medal for the promotion of better understanding between Christian and Jew in America had been won by Irving Berlin, the songwriter, who is now in the ETO with his GI show *This Is the Army*. The magazine, in awarding the medal, cited Berlin's "tremendous theatrical contributions to the morale of the nation" and noted that his songs have been "an expression of better understanding for all races, creeds, and religions for over a quarter of a century." The medal was won by Wendell Willkie last year and by Secretary of State Cordell Hull the year before.

Back in his home in Yonkers, N. Y., after eight months of combat duty in the Southwest Pacific, Pvt. Leonard Fierst modestly told how he had turned down a Purple Heart decoration because he was afraid his parents would worry when they received official word of the award. Fierst was wounded when, his ammo gone, he fought it out with a Jap who was trying to stick him with a sword. Fierst got hold of the sword and stuck the Jap with it instead.

Obituary Section: William K. Vanderbilt, multi-millionaire sportsman and railroad magnate, died at 65 in New York City. He was the great grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of the Vanderbilt financial and social dynasty. . . . Ida M. Tarbell, author and biographer, who first gained fame for her "muckraking" articles on the late John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Co. back in the days when both were looked upon as ogres, died of pneumonia in Bridgeport, Conn. She was 86. . . . Bide Dudley, playwright, author, and dramatic critic and father of actress Doris Dudley Jenkins, died at 66 in New York City after a long illness. His real name was Walter Bronson Dudley. . . . The wife of former President Herbert Hoover died at the Hoovers' Waldorf-Astoria apartment in New York City, at 68. Hoover was leaving for a dinner and was bidding his wife goodbye when she collapsed. She died a few minutes later. . . . John F. Cochran, 55, who was the Moran of the famous old vaudeville team of Moran and Mack, died in an Army hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to which he was taken on December 3rd when he suffered a stroke while working as a salesman. The team was last heard from when, as the Two Black Crows, they pioneered with radio programs.

Captain Clark Gable, who went through several bombing missions in the ETO without a scratch, was badly shaken up in Van Nuys, Calif., when the car he was driving was struck from behind by another automobile.

Lt.(jg) Robert Taylor, formerly of the movies and now of the Navy, received his wings and an instructor's certificate as a member of a class of primary flight instructors, graduating from the Naval Air Station in New Orleans. His wife, Barbara Stanwyck, did not attend the ceremonies as she was confined to her Hollywood home with the grippe.

In Klamath Falls, Ore., 12-year-old Josephine Milani died heroically in a fire which destroyed the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Mayer. Josephine had already made her way safely from the building but went back, thinking the Mayers' two young children had been left inside. She never got out again nor did she learn that Mr. Mayer had already brought his two youngsters to safety.

Antanas Smetona, 69-year-old President-in-exile of Lithuania, died in a fire which destroyed the home of his son, Julius, in Cleveland, O. The elder Smetona had been in the States as a guest of the U. S. Government since 1940.

G-men in Washington announced that they are holding Arthur Clifford Read, 40-year-old Army corporal, on charges of acting as an agent for the Japanese government since Pearl Harbor. Read was educated in Michigan and Illinois, and enlisted in the Army in 1929. He was discharged in Manila in 1935 and commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Infantry. Two years later he went to China and joined the Chinese Army with a rank which he described as equivalent to that of a brigadier general. FBI Chief Edgar J. Hoover said that three years later Read began working for the Japanese government. Hoover said that Read admitted receiving \$15,000 for his services.



Lewis Wolfe, 36, a mild-mannered Canadian building contractor, quietly told police in Brooklyn, N. Y., of a premarital pact he had made with his wife, Paula Mona, 27, red-headed Viennese actress, whom he bludgeoned to death with a shoe at their first reunion in a year. "Before our marriage we made an agreement that the first one who cheated would be killed by the other," Wolfe told police. He added, "Consult your Bible as to the penalty for unfaithfulness."

Wolfe said that he had arranged with a refugee agency for his wife's passage to the U. S. from Palestine, where he had married her. He had hoped that in the States she could continue her stage career which was interrupted by the war. One day he heard from the agency that she had arrived in New York. But at a Brooklyn hotel, where he had expected to meet her, he found not even a message. Later, he said, he learned from a friend that she had registered at a hotel in Manhattan. Finding her there he took her to his own room, where he questioned her. They quarreled. Then she went to sleep.

"I then decided that she had been unfaithful to me," Wolfe said, "so I picked up a shoe and struck her until she didn't move any more. I killed her because I loved her."

The War Production Board authorized the manufacture of two million flat irons and fifty thousand cast iron tubes for civilian use in 1944. It also approved, for the first quarter of 1944, production of forty thousand more refrigerators than the number made in the last quarter of 1943, a total of 4,500,000 radio tubes, and an unlimited number of razors, razor blades—and women's girdles.

Twenty doctors were killed in action and 105 others died in military service during 1943, according to the official journal of the American Medical



Smoke billows over the intense white light of a fire in the Austin Bridge Co. plant near Dallas, Tex. The fire started in the foundry room where magnesium is melted to pour into bombs. There were no casualties.



Yeoman Third Class Shirley Caldwell is standing under something new for Charleston, S. C.—a palm tree covered with snow. This southern city got 2½ inches of snow and a temperature of 17 above zero.



An avenue of ice. Zero temperatures, bringing some of the discomforts of winter to Chicago residents, also fashioned this scene at the North Avenue breakwater, with a dark line of skyscrapers forming a background.

THE SAD SACK



©1943 SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Association. Dr. Morris Fishbein, president of the association, said that penicillin, one of the outstanding medical developments of the war, will be produced in sufficient quantities for civilian needs by next June.

For the first time in 24 years, the United States Post Office Department announced an annual surplus instead of a deficit. Surplus amounted to \$1,334,551.

The CIO United Automobile Workers opened a cooperative store in Detroit, believed to be the first union-owned book store in the United States. The shop will specialize in labor and government books.

In the Miami Beach, Fla., region where Air Corps rest camps are located, visiting Army wives are soaked anywhere from ten to forty bucks a day for a room.

Sgt. Ralph W. Botttrill, retired, who in 1919 perfected the manually operated free type parachute, died at 57 in Fort Sam Houston, Tex., Hospital.

To meet expenses in 1943, Gloria Vanderbilt

Di Cicco, a poor-little-rich-girl our hearts all bleed for, had to hock \$1,500 worth of jewelry to supplement her \$57,132 annual allowance, \$17,132 of which she spent for "incidentals," according to an accounting filed in a New York court.

Three bandits held up Sunny Ainsworth, Tommy Manville's number seven divorcee, in a Chicago hotel and took her diamond-studded wrist watch and diamond ring, valued at \$1,151, but they overlooked \$400 in her purse.

Senator Carter Glass, Democrat of Virginia, the oldest member of Congress, who is now recovering from a long siege of illness, celebrated his 86th birthday in Washington and cheered the way the Allies "are shooting the hell out of the Axis."

Dick Tracy's boss got into trouble with the city commissioners of Sallisaw, Okla., because he described a new character as the "killer from Cookson Hills," home district of the notorious Charles (Pretty Boy) Floyd. Sallisaw is right in the heart of Cookson Hills. The commissioners passed a resolution calling the comic strip character "an insult to the good people" of that district.

Bernard Vid, 25-year-old sailor, barged into the Latrobe, Pa., draft board office shouting, "What the hell did you send me into the Navy for?" Then he tossed a haymaker smack on the jaw of Grace Keltz, woman draft board clerk.

Mrs. George Esslinger, of Knoxville, Tenn., gave birth to the fifth largest baby on record—a boy weighing 18 pounds 10½ ounces, and already looking six months old.

The Chicago police found Sam Spillman, a bookie, in a telephone booth taking bets over the phone while listening to race results over a portable radio.

Mrs. Emile Joseph Marcadal collected \$1,500 from a New Orleans funeral director. She charged in court that the hearse driver at her husband's funeral arrived 45 minutes late at the cemetery after stopping off,

en route, at a local bar to get a quick one.

An automobile owner of Ponca City, Okla., was tired of thieves who insisted on emptying his gas tank regularly, so he found the biggest mouse trap in town and set it over the tank cap. One night he heard a loud shriek, and rushed out to the car. There he found his wife, her fingers caught in the trap; she had just been checking "to make sure everything was all right."

Movie star Olivia de Havilland came down with the flu and entered a hospital in Fort Sam Houston, Tex., where she had been entertaining the Joes. . . Gypsy Rose Lee was in the same condition after doing a similar stunt at Fort Bragg, N. C.

Zasu Pitts made her Broadway debut in *Ramshackle Inn*, a melodramatic farce of a Vermont old maid, written by Cpl. George Batson of the Army Signal Corps.

Song writer Frank Loesser, now an Army private at the Santa Anna, Calif., air base, sent a check for \$5,500 to the Army Emergency Fund. The money represented part of the royalties he has received for writing "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

Actor Tim Murdock, six-foot Marine just back with a medical discharge after seeing action in the South Pacific, was signed up by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the role of Captain Dean Davenport in *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*.

Deanna Durbin and Pat O'Brien, who play housemaid and butler respectively in *His Butler's Sister*, were voted honorary members of the Staff Club, an organization of domestic help working for some of the nation's better-known families.

Monty Woolley will play the lead in 20th Century-Fox's *Stars and Stripes Forever*, a life story of the march king, John Philip Sousa.

Hobart Bosworth, 76-year-old veteran film actor who had played leading and character roles in 551 pictures since 1919, died of pneumonia in the Glendale, Calif., hospital.

Hollywood divorcee case: Mrs. Leta Roth, former fashion model, admitted her automobile had "once or twice" been parked in front of another man's apartment but denied the charges of her husband, Waldemar Roth, member of Rudy Vallee's Coast Guard orchestra, that he had once found her inside the apartment with a pantless male companion.



This is a peek behind the scenes, showing the preliminaries to picking the Queen for Pasadena's Tournament of Roses. The guy just takes a number from one to ten, etc. And you got a Queen. How could you miss?

Mail Call

A Plea

Dear YANK:

This letter is a plea to the men who have to make decisions for the Army. They have had—and still have—a glorious opportunity to achieve a success equally important with any to be had from military campaigns.

During the past two years, I have had the privilege of meeting and living with many hundreds of enlisted men, a true cross-section of the United States. There were plumbers and farmers and mechanics and teachers and shopkeepers, and they hailed from every corner of our nation. These are the men who, not far in the future, will be returning to their homes to work and vote and build. They will be the backbone of the new America, because they are the best of America. There are ten million of them.

For two years now, I have watched these men, and talked with them. They are my friends. I know their hopes and plans; I know their families and sweethearts; I know how fine and true and American they are. Lest I sound too much like preaching, let me add that I have seen them drink and gamble and generally raise hell, all of which are nothing more than escapes from the boredom of Army routine.

To oppose the more harmful and unprofitable of those pursuits, the Army offers them entertainment in the form of movies, books and magazines, radio programs, athletic competitions, and other forms of recreation. Also—and infinitely more important—they offer chances of self-improvement through Army correspondence schools, vocational guidance and training, and occasional forums to discuss current events. This educational programme should be encouraged in every way: not only does it fulfil an immediate purpose by combating boredom, but also it may provide a more enlightened citizenry for tomorrow.

It may—but it overlooks one all-important fact: the men who are availing themselves of the facilities offered to improve themselves are the men who would have made their own opportunities if none had existed. They are the men the Army never had to trouble about, though it is right that they should be helped in every way.

However for a lot of the enlisted men—the very ones for whom this morale programme was primarily designed—nothing has been accomplished. The opportunities are there, but they will not seize them. They cannot even appreciate them. And the Army, evidently believing that "you can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink," does no more. "The facilities are there," says the Army in effect, "use them if you please, ignore them if you'd rather."

And the men choose the latter course, because they do not understand what they might have had.

It is, in my opinion, the duty of the Army to encourage these men by showing them the immense opportunities that lie at their very fingertips to improve themselves intellectually, culturally and economically that they would never have had in civilian life. Freed from all the economic burdens and problems with which they would normally have had to contend, they should—and would—grasp eagerly for these opportunities if they only realized how they would thus benefit themselves.

How often in civilian life I have heard men regretfully say that they were forced to leave school at an early age in order to earn a living! How they have envied those who were more fortunate than they! Well, here is every soldier's chance, but the Army must drop its *laissez faire* policy and, instead, adopt one of active cooperation.

Lest all of this sounds too idealistic, and the Army scoff at the suggestion that GIs want anything more than wine, women and entertainment, let me repeat: I know these men, I have gambled

and gamboled with them. But I have also seen them when they dropped their outer shells . . . and I know they yearn for better and finer things.

When they are shown that new way, then we will really win the peace as well as the war.

Britain.

Sgt. ALBERT C. SIMONSON

Decorations, Rights And Privileges

Dear YANK:

What are the rights and privileges that go with the award of various medals? Also, is an enlisted man who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor entitled to a salute?

Britain.

Pvt. ALVIN MORSE

[The only thing you get besides your medal is extra pay—no salutes. The belief that a holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor is entitled to a salute from anyone regardless of rank is an army myth that has been kicking around a long time, and it has no basis in Army Regulations. Enlisted men, not officers, get \$2 a month additional for each of the following decorations held: Congressional Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Distinguished



Flying Cross or the Soldier's Medal. If a soldier held all five of the medals, he would get \$10 a month extra, or if he held the Distinguished Flying Cross with four Oak-leaf clusters (same award five times) he would also get \$10 a month extra.—Ed.]

Take It Off

Dear YANK:

You seem to have all the answers; well here is one that is quite popular where I am at.

Back in the States a batch of us were stationed in Calif., and I notice quite a few of the boys sporting around with the American Theater of Operations ribbon in addition to the popular Spam ribbon, and they claim that Calif. is in the ATO. But as far as I know, the ATO is outside the continental limits of the U. S., in the Western hemisphere.

Now, who is right, is Calif. in the ATO or not?

Britain.

T/Sgt. A. SCHWARTZ

[The ATO Ribbon is authorized only for specified periods of active duty in certain specified areas outside the continental limits of the United States—such as Alaska, the Caribbean and South America. California, contrary to current Hollywood belief, is in the United States. Your pals might just as well be wearing the ATO Ribbon as a reward for their last furlough home. Take it off, boys. There are a lot of guys who sweated it out for a long time in the Arctic to earn that little hunk of silk.—Ed.]

Pin-ups

Dear YANK:

This letter is to inform you that your Pin-up Girl can be discontinued as of now: we rather enjoyed this fad, for it's pretty boring looking at the dismal corrugated wall. Just lately we were ordered to tear down our pin-up gals (the sweet things). This was done to please some inspecting officer. We would suggest you would use the space for instruction on how to pass an inspection.

ROBERT T. MESIWIEZ
PAUL SOKOL
D. MCCOURT
R. E. KIRBY
L. W. LOOTE
J. E. JOHNSON
JOHN M. AYERS
WILLIAM SCOGGINS

Britain.

More On Jeeps For GIs

Dear YANK:

Upon reading *Mail Call* in the December 26th

issue of YANK, a letter written by a Sgt. Wally Niss is very interesting. I think his idea's a very good one and it should get some attention from those that could do something about disposing of the excess Army equipment that will not be needed after the end of this war. It could do a lot of good for individuals returning to farms when this storm blows over. As in my case, for instance, I have a farm to go back to, and I am going to need a truck that is capable of going through the deep mud of country roads.

I don't like to see good material wasted; even after the war, just to help manufacturers sell a few more "stock" items, when the Army has them and has no use for such items except maybe to dispose of them in one way or another, to keep someone from benefiting from the excess individually.

I believe there are more fellow GIs that see this thing the same way as I do and that something should be done about it.

Britain.

Pvt. KENNETH W. JONES

Spam Circuit: Red Cross Division

Dear YANK:

Your article on ENSA and USO—Camp Shows in the issue of December 5th, 1943, was splendid recognition for fine work. I might remark that another noteworthy job in the field is being done by the American Red Cross "Hospital Units," consisting of fine performers, and the larger "Showmobile" units are doing a terrific job in entertaining the soldiers who most need diversion.

For consistent performance, I rank ENSA and ARC ahead of USO because the first two have more shows running—but we who must plan the entertainment for the soldier in the field appreciate and need them all.

Britain.

MORTON HACK, Major, A.C.
Special Service Office

We Dood It

Dear YANK:

In the December 26th copy of the YANK, I read a very interesting article entitled "About Tanks, Snipers and Gals." It told about a tank destroyer gunner who fired at enemy tanks in Italy, using the range of 1,500 yards on the first shot. The round fell short, so the gunner decreased the range to 1,300 yards and hit the tank on the nose.

I'm not a very good gunner, but I know that the range must be increased after a short round, and not decreased. I take it that your correspondent, Sgt. Foisie got it wrong in the first place.

An explanation would be greatly appreciated.

Britain.

Col. P. J. L.

[We can always get away with things like this by blaming it on the cable people, the typist or the printer. You're right. The range for the second round should have been 1800 yards.—Ed.]

My Friend Tuffy

Dear YANK:

I would like to clear up for all time the mystery of the unidentified lion.

In the first place his name is King Tuffy, and the man holding that delicious-looking steak is his owner and trainer, Bob Mathews.

King Tuffy is a performing lion. He walks a tight rope, swings, roars, and does all the other approved lion tricks.

I worked with King Tuffy and Bob Mathews on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City for three months in 1938. I became very well acquainted with them both—especially Bob, at that time.

Britain.

LE. RUSSEL DOTSON



Closing Salvo For Maile

Dear YANK:

May I, as I think a true representative of the British public, repudiate Kathleen Maile's letter to your paper.



I WENT HOME

Dear YANK:

THE two GIs sitting across from me in the train were talking about going home. The pfc with the red hair stared out at the sodden English countryside and said, "Waiting for that day is tough. It's like being under a dentist's drill—the only thing that makes it bearable is the knowledge that it can't go on for ever. But the day is coming, and when it does will I be happy! No tears, no regrets. Brother, I'll be going home."

The train gave a little falsetto squeak of its whistle, then, and edged reluctantly into a station. The two GIs got out, and that was the last I saw of them.

But if they'd stayed around, I might have had something to tell them about going home. I could have told them because I was one of the lucky ones who did it. It's an odd idea, maybe, but I'm going to pass it along for what it's worth.

The last emotion I ever expected to feel, flying home after a year overseas, was any vestige—even the smallest twinge—of regret. Nobody in the whole ETO could have yearned more passionately to see his wife and children, nobody could have been more excited when someone waved a wand and a job had to be done in the USA and I was sent to do it.

But sitting up there in that C54, ten thousand feet over the steel-gray Atlantic, clutching my orders in my hot hand and wriggling practically, with anticipation, I became aware of a small, nagging, persistent thought intruding into my state of bliss. I kept pushing it away, but I couldn't get rid of it. It was just there, like a stone in your shoe. And the thought was simply this: I was completing a year in which I had missed some of the best opportunities of my life.

Sure, I had had an Army job and had done it reasonably well. But there had been a lot of time on which the Army had made no claim—

most evenings, usually a day off each week, one ten-day leave. The question that finally crawled out into the open and sat down and looked me in the face was, *what had I done with all that time?* The answer: *practically nothing.*

Oh, I had had fine plans and what you might call worthy intentions. I had thought seriously of taking one of the courses offered to Army personnel at Cambridge. I had promised myself to arrange for some piano lessons at night. I had intended, before the war was over, to visit the home of my ancestors in Scotland and see why they had left it—or why they hadn't left it sooner.

There were plenty of aspects of the Army that interested me—and that were available to any soldier. I wanted to go through a hospital and see how casualties were handled. I had talked of going out with a mobile repair unit to watch it patch up a crippled Fortress crash-landed in some meadow. I had had a yen to spend a day riding around in a Red Cross Clubmobile.

I had promised myself a morning in the Tower of London and an afternoon in Westminster Abbey. I had planned to see one of Shakespeare's plays produced in the memorial theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. I had intended to look at Stonehenge. Tourist stuff, sure, but why not? There were certain people I had wanted to meet, people who were perfectly approachable, or to whom introduction could easily be obtained. There were lots of other projects...

I had done none of these things. Or very few. Instead, I had spent untold hours being homesick, griping about one thing or another, or just killing time.

Now, there is nothing abnormal about homesickness, and griping is every soldier's privilege, and killing time can be developed into a high art. But the fact remained—and it haunted me all the while I was home—that apparently I had

been proceeding on the assumption that the war would last forever and that I might just as well put off until tomorrow (or the day after) the things I wanted to do today.

It was, I assure you, an odd sensation. I had long known that leaving home put a razor-sharp edge on your appreciation of the things you left there. It never once occurred to me that leaving the theater of operations might produce a milder but similar reaction.

In my case it was not too late to do something about it. Unlike most of us, I was given a second chance—and when I came back to the U. K. one of my first moves was to call up a friend and arrange to go and see the House of Commons in operation—something I had planned to do and procrastinated about for months.

But for most of us there will be no second chance. When we go home it will be for good. And the ironic thing about this little nagging sense of time wasted, of opportunity neglected, is that it doesn't creep up and bite you until you're on your way back.

THAT'S why I'm passing the thought along for what, as I said before, it may be worth. No two people's interests are alike. But to anyone with the slightest initiative or curiosity, this country offers unique opportunities. In the cultural sense, it is the cradle of our own civilization. The roots of our history are embedded here; here our national character was molded. Aside from that, the island is full of extraordinary people, customs, traditions, architecture, and even scenery—all of which repay investigation. If ever a man has a chance to broaden himself, it is during the hours he can spare from fighting a war when, as a rule, he has no family or social obligations, when he is his own boss in a truer sense than he ever was before or will be again.

It doesn't matter a damn what your interests are. If aircraft design fascinates you, go and find out how the British developed the Spitfire or the Mosquito. If your former occupation was publishing or textiles or communications—anything—you can learn something useful from British methods and techniques.

Maybe it sounds Pollyannaish, but my advice to every American soldier in the U. K. is to open his eyes and ears, shake off the inertia that grips so many of us, and make a few moves that he will be proud to remember when the war is over.

And do it now, because if you don't, brother, you're going to wake up one day and find it's too late.

ARTHUR GORDON, Capt. A.C. Britain.

As a great traveller I think one would say we Britishers brag, and are inclined to take our customs and ideas all over the world.

Unfortunately, owing to the war and circumstances, we are unable to show our American friends our true country, nor to extend the hospitality every Britisher should be only too pleased to offer our friends who have proved themselves most charming, courteous and true friends.

We must remember we also have men in strange countries, and far from home.

We owe a very deep gratitude to America and her people.

Cornwall.

THE HON. MRS. CAYENDISH

Concerning Guess Who

Dear YANK:

Reading this week's issue of YANK I notice our boy friend Pvt. Laurent is back again. What we would like to know is why this perambulated jerk insists on corrupting such a fine magazine intended for soldiers' morale, to get publicity for his arrogant physique. If it is glamor and publicity he wants I'm sure the boys will chip in and get him a sarong.

According to my way of thinking there is a war going on whether his many curvatures get displayed or not. Believe me, he will get plenty of chance to show it off over there ducking shrapnel.

Britain.

Concerning The Same

Dear YANK:

Muscles are made for use and not looks. Let Pvt. Bob Laurent demonstrate the quality of his beautiful muscles by a wrestling or boxing match. I am sure there are plenty of GIs who would play guinea pig for this demonstration. I'll take him on myself in a wrestling match, sight unseen, if it can be arranged.

Britain.

LI. BEN AUSTIN

Ditto

Dear YANK:

In regards to Bob Laurent and his physique, I have a word to say to those who insist upon scorning him as un-American. If those persons who so jealously write their dislike of Bob go before a mirror and see how they really look; one is probably fat with stomach ulcers, another skinny with a cigarette dangling from his dried lips; another—shall I go on?

I and many other soldiers are proud of Bob Laurent. Proud that he has a body which is typical of the real U. S. manhood—built to carry him on and to enable him to carry out his duties. There are many men like Laurent in the U. S. Army who are proud they can mould their body into a possession worth displaying. It would be better for all of us if we considered our bodies and forgot our beer bellies.

Is the man—or are you?—who suggested Laurent to pack his muscles in his barracks bag—why not dig deep into yours and find the vitality so often lacking; go forth with a chest full of strong lungs to breathe the fresh air about you for once, then you will realize said Bob Laurent is not a conceited picture gallery but a real picture of an American. Three cheers for Laurent! I wish there were more of you. And to you, YANK, of whom I am a devoted reader, I dare you to publish Mr. Laurent again so we may all have a pin-up. The odds are against those that will go for the latrine wall.

Britain.

PIC. JON PAYNE



Sgt. FRANK E. HOODICK
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YANK is published weekly by the
Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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DISAPPOINTMENT OF YEAR. The St. Louis Cardinals in the World Series. After running the Yankees ragged in 1942, nobody had any idea they would fold up in five games the next year. Here's the way they lined up just before the series (l. to r.): Lou Klein, Harry Walker, Stan Musial, Walker Cooper, George Kurowski, Ray Sanders, Danny Litwhiler, Marty Marion and Billy Southworth.



COME-BACK OF YEAR. Beau Jack, who lost his light-weight title to Bob Montgomery in June, then came back in November to bang Montgomery around and regain his crown. Coach Stagg's come-back ranked second.



HIGHLIGHTS and HEADLINERS

YANK names the
teams and players
that made the
biggest news in '43



TEAM OF YEAR. Perfect pass protection like this made Notre Dame the No. 1 team of 1943. Here Johnny Lujack takes advantage of that steel edifice in front of him to pick out a receiver in the Army game. Notre Dame crushed every college opponent in its path, losing only to Great Lakes' collection of pro stars and ex-All-Americans. The world champion New York Yankees took second honors.



ATHLETE OF YEAR. Gunder Haegg of Sweden, who won eight straight races on his U. S. tour, lowered the American record for the two-mile to 8:51.3 and dropped the mile mark to 4:05.3. Spud Chandler was No. 2 man.



SURPRISE OF YEAR. Great Lakes' 19-14 upset of mighty Notre Dame with just a half-minute left to play. End Paul Anderson (left) and halfback Steve Lach, who put together the winning 46-yard pass-and-run play, strike an affectionate pose after the game.

PICTURE CREDITS

Pictures: 1, Planes. 6, top, BOP; center, AP; bottom, Keystone. 7, OWT. 8, B'n AAF. 9, left, Army Pictorial Service; center and right, Sgt. Pete Paris. 10, AP. 11, U.S. Navy. 12 and 13, upper, Sgt. John Franco; lower, Plt. Charles Roman. 14, United Artists. 15, OWT. 16 and 17, INP. 18, Keystone. 20, upper left and center, PA; upper right and lower left, INP; lower right, ACME. 21, upper, PA; lower, ACME. 22 and 23, Inter Service Public Relations Directorate India.



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

WEAR 'EM OR DRIVE 'EM? That's what Pvt. Luke Appling, former Chicago White Sox shortstop, wanted to know when the supply sergeant gave him a pair of jeeplike brogans at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

THE Sgt. Joe Louis boxing troupe will go overseas after completing its U.S. tour at Camp Butner, N. C., this month. While at Camp Hood, Tex., Cpl. Bob Smith joined the troupe as a relief man for 1st Sgt. George Nicholson, Louis' chief sparring partner. . . . Give Lt. Mickey Cochrane, the old baseball catcher, an assist on Great Lakes' historic upset of Notre Dame. Cochrane scouted the Irish in four games. . . . The USO wanted Red Grange to accompany Lefty Gomez and Jack Sharkey on their overseas junket, but Grange couldn't make it. . . . Tennis aces Wayne Sabin and John Faunce are attending the Navy's Physical Instructor's School at Bainbridge, Md. . . . CPO Bob Feller's latest pitching performance was a three-hit victory over an Advance Naval Base team in the South Pacific. . . . Eddie Simms, the Cleveland heavyweight, doubles as an entertainer and a boxing instructor at the San Diego Naval Air Station. He's an accordion player from way back. . . . Lt. Joe (Whitey) Bainer, an All-American tackle at Notre Dame a few seasons ago, has reported at the Marine Corps air depot in Miramar, Calif., for assignment, probably as a ground officer with the Marine air arm. . . . Sgt. Greg Mangin, who used to be a fine tennis player, is now an aerial gunner on a Flying Fort. . . . "I was robbed," wrote Frankie Rogers, former Seattle boxer, in telling his parents of a fight in the South Pacific in which he was awarded a draw decision. But scribbled on the side of his letter was this comment: "Robbed nothing—Galloway gave Frankie a good beating—The Censor." . . . Jack Sharkey, now touring Mediterranean camps, expects to remain long enough to referee the finals in the Allied boxing tournament at Algiers. The GI who wins the heavyweight championship will get the gloves Sharkey wore the night he won the world's title.

Ordered for Induction: Hal White, Detroit pitcher; Clyde McCullough, Chicago Cub catcher; Joe Dobson, Boston Red Sox pitcher. . . . **Enlisted:** Bob Falkenburg, national junior tennis champion, in the Army as an air cadet. . . . **Reclassified 1-A:** Buck Newsom, the most traded player in baseball and now of the Philadelphia Athletics; Al Smith, Cleveland pitcher; Marty Marion, star shortstop of the St. Louis Cardinals. . . . **Rejected:** Ewald Pyle, newly acquired New York Giant southpaw; Gus Mancuso, veteran catcher of the New York Giants. . . . **Promoted:** Monte Weaver, former Washington Senator pitching ace, to first lieutenant in the Eighth Air Force Fighter Wing, England. . . . **Commissioned:** Roy Mundorff, basketball coach at Georgia Tech for 20 years, as lieutenant commander in the Navy. . . . **Transferred:** Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley, Fordham football coach, from South Pacific rest camp to Admiral Halsey's staff as welfare and recreation officer for the entire South Pacific area. . . . **Decorated:** Lt. Walter Schell, who threw Cornell's famous "fifth down" pass against Dartmouth, with Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal for engaging in 72 sorties as a fighter pilot and shooting down three German planes in North Africa.

TODAY we throw the records out the window, and with the reckless abandon of a second lieutenant giving out Good Conduct Medals, we name the outstanding sports performances of 1943.

Coach of the Year. Gunder Haegg, the swift Swede, who developed America's fastest miler. Haegg's great speed carried Bill Hulse of New York University along so rapidly that Bill set a new American outdoor mile record (4:06 flat) while finishing five yards behind the Swede.

Team of the Year. The Columbia University football team, which didn't win a game, or even get a tie, and was optimistic enough to show up every Saturday.

Jerk of the Year. Bill Cox or Bucky Harris. It all depends on which one you happened to be listening to.

Woman of the Year. Pvt. Ben Taylor, a Wac at Mitchel Field, N. Y., who forgot her manners in a sparring match and really slugged Sgt. Max Katz, the former New England middleweight champion.

Book of the Year. The one Judge Landis threw at Bill Cox, now ex-president of the Phillies, for betting on baseball games.

Luckiest Man of the Year. The sad Mr. Frank Leahy of Notre Dame. He didn't see how the Irish could possibly win a football game all season.

Bravest Man of the Year. The referee in the Ohio State-Illinois football game, who had courage enough to call both teams back on the field to run one more play 15 minutes after the game had ended in a 26-26 tie.

Greatest Discovery in Sports. The punctured eardrum.

Greatest Come-back. Joe Gordon of the New York Yankees. He retired from baseball and announced his come-back all within the

same week. Don Hutson, the Green Bay Packer end, took second place. This season was the third he said he wouldn't play.

Biggest Mystery. The name of a certain Brooklyn baseball player Leo Durocher hates more than anybody else.

Biggest Disappointment. Pvt. Evil Eye Finkel, who has been in the Army more than a year and hasn't been able to hex his first sergeant into a promotion yet.

Biggest Myth. That GIs in isolated outposts would be transferred after 18 months of service.

Biggest Surprise. That Notre Dame placed only four guys on the All-American football team.

Biggest Thrill. The Flying Fortress that tried to see how close it could come to the roof of Yankee Stadium during the World Series without actually tearing away a section of it.

Best Unassisted Double Play. Branch Rickey's feat of firing and rehiring Leo Durocher as manager of the Dodgers in the same breath.

Longest Hold-Out. Lou Novikoff of the Chicago Cubs. After holding out for two months for \$10,000, he held out for almost another month before getting a hit.

Leading Ground-Gainer. Buck (Bobo) Newsom, who covered more ground than anybody else traveling from Brooklyn to St. Louis to Washington this season. He'll get permanent possession of the trophy next year when he reports to the Philadelphia Athletics.

Most Humane Act. The Chicago Bears played Bronko Nagurski in the line instead of at fullback.

Most Promising. Old Man Alonzo Stagg. He promises to outlive football.

SPORTS: OUTSTANDING SPORTS PERFORMANCES OF '43

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Buck Newsom, the year's leading ground gainer, moved from Brooklyn to St. Louis to Washington.

Soldiers in the Indian Army are divided into many races that speak different languages and observe different customs. Here are some of the types of India's men in uniform.



MAHARRATTA



PUNJABI MUSLIM



GURKHA



RAJPUT



PATHAN



SIKH



DOGRA

The Soldier of India

He never polices up the latrines or pulls KP because his uniform gives him a high social position. And, unlike YANK, his army weekly is printed in eight languages.

By Sg1. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW DELHI, INDIA—The Indian soldier is in the army by choice, not necessity. He belongs to the world's largest all-volunteer army, a force of two million men enlisted from the many races and castes that form India's population.

Unlike the other armies of the world, there is

no typical soldier in the Indian Army. The bearded 6-foot Sikh, the bald 5-foot, 2-inch Gurkha and the fierce-fighting Pathan are no more akin than a New England Yankee and a Fiji Islander. However, there are certain traits and customs that are common to all the varied types of Indian soldier.

One particular custom in the Indian Army will make any American GI turn green with envy. That's the tradition that no fighting man, even the lowest ranking sepoy or buck private, may be called upon to pull KP, latrine duty or any similar fatigue detail.

Under the strict Hindu caste system, the soldier ranks next to the Brahmin at the top of the social scale, and lower-class Indians are recruited as "followers" to do the menial jobs. A mehtar or sweeper does the latrine work and general policing up around the barracks area. Cooking is done

by a bawarchi and a khansama is KP-pusher. A bhisti carries water to supply fighting men during battle. And the washing is done by a dhobi.

Some of these menial laborers have doubled as fighting men in critical stages of a battle. Several sweepers distinguished themselves as riflemen in the Arakan campaign in Burma. The bhistis have also shown great courage on the battlefield, taking water to the thirsty and wounded, unmindful of their own safety. Kipling's "Gunga Din" was an Indian Army bhisti.

In Indian Army training centers, Hindu and Moslem soldiers eat in separate mess halls in accordance with the age-old India practice of segregating the two religious groups. Cooks in "class company" units serve 100 men each, who are always all of the same kind—all Sikhs, all Muslims or all Maharrattas. However, in combat areas these strict eating restrictions are relaxed.

This "class company" composition of Indian Army units applies only to the Infantry nowadays. The other services, particularly the Signal Corps and Medical Corps, enlist all classes in the same units. This has encouraged better understanding between the various classes, and some Indian observers believe the Army may eventually help to bridge even the traditional gap between Hindus and Moslems.

Except for headgear, all soldiers in the Indian Army wear similar uniforms; these are practically the same as the British Tommy's battle dress. The sepoy calls his shirt a *camise* and his shorts are "half pants" while his full-length woolen socks are *jabab* and his shoes *juti*. His puttees are called just that; the English word "puttee" is derived from the Hindustani *patti*, meaning "wrapping."

The most striking part of the sepoy's uniform is his *pugree* or turban. Except for Gurkhas and Garhwalis, both of whom wear the Australian-type slouch hat, all Indian troops wear the *pugree*. Each class has a distinctive way of winding it. The Sikh prefers a closely bound style that envelops his flowing hair, the Madrasai winds his *pugree* around a high cone shape and the Mahratta's is loosely bound.

AFTER he passes his physical examination, the Indian Army recruit—who must be between the ages of 18 and 30—is assigned to a training center. There he gets six months of instruction in the use of weapons, close-order drill, military courtesy and basic soldiering. He is recruited for a particular branch of the service and remains in that line for his entire army career, not being able to transfer as the U. S. soldier may do.

After completing six months of rigorous training—30-mile-a-day marches with full packs are a standard part of the course—the Indian recruit is given two weeks of *chuti* before joining the regiment in whose training battalion he has been getting his basic instruction. His railroad fare home is paid by the Army as on each subsequent *chuti*. According to the books, the sepoy is entitled to one month's leave a year but is not likely to get the full amount in wartime.

There are two types of native commissioned officers in the Indian Army. Those holding the rank of second lieutenant or up are known as King's Commissioned Indian Officers (KCIOs) while the others are Viceroy Commissioned Officers (VCOs).

The VCOs are men from the ranks who have displayed outstanding leadership. Their commissions come from the Viceroy, the British-appointed executive of the Indian Government. The highest ranking VCO is a *subedar-major*, who corresponds roughly to our warrant officer. The other VCO ranks are *subedar* and *jemadar*, corresponding to master sergeant and technical sergeant. VCOs wear red and yellow bands beneath their shoulder insignia.

The KCIOs are graduates of officer-training schools and rank equally with British officers serving in the Indian Army. Because most Indian Army recruits come from small villages where there are no schools, only a limited number of enlisted men have the education to qualify for OTS. The bulk of KCIO candidates come from India's many junior military schools, but war needs have greatly increased the number of VCOs and noncommissioned officers admitted to OTS.

These junior military schools, known as the King George Royal Indian Military Schools, are maintained by the Government for the education of sons of Indian Army soldiers. The outstanding graduates of these schools are selected to continue their military education at the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun, where they can qualify for King's Commissions. Those with less brilliant records usually join the Army as *sepoys* but quickly advance to noncommissioned and VCO ranks.

The NCO grades in the Indian Army are *havildar* (sergeant), *naik* (corporal), and *lance-naik* (lance corporal). Indian noncoms wear the standard British-type chevrons.

The Indian soldier usually addresses his KCIOs as "*Hazoor*," meaning "your honor," and his VCOs as "*Subedar Sahib*" or "*Jemadar Sahib*." He uses the British "palms out" style of saluting, snapping to rigid attention while doing so.

Military courtesy is one of his outstanding qualities. The Indian soldier also has complete faith in the judgment of his officers. Like Tennyson's men of the "Light Brigade," he believes that "ours is not to reason why."

Field hockey is the sepoy's favorite form of athletics; Indian athletes hold the world championship in that sport. The Indian soldier also plays soccer and volleyball, and likes to wrestle.

He keeps himself informed about world affairs by attending current-events discussions and reading the three Army publications. The discussions are conducted several times a month by the battalion education officer. Most popular of the magazines is *Fauji Akbar* (News of the Army), an illustrated weekly published in eight Indian languages. There is also a semi-weekly, *Jang-Ki-Khabren* (News of the War), and a monthly, *Jang-Ki-Tasviren* (War in Pictures).

The Indian soldier calls a goldbricker a *kamchor*, while a perpetual snafuer is known as a *be-wakuf*, which means "senseless." The company apple polisher is called a *toady* and, if he carries his bucking too far, *toady-bacha*, meaning "son of a toady," the crowning insult.

Each Infantry regiment of the Indian Army has an individual class composition. Rajputs, Dogras, Jats, Punjabi Muslims, and so on are assigned only to companies of their own class or caste. This system has fostered intense unit loyalty. Companies of Jats and Punjabi Muslims gave a stirring example of this at Jebel Garci, near Enfidaville, during the Tunisian campaign.

The Jats were spearheading their battalion's advance when their company commander was mortally wounded. Havildar-Major Chhelu Ram immediately took over command and rallied his men to continue the advance in the face of withering machine-gun fire. At the same time he reorganized the Punjabi Muslims who had also lost their company commander.

After bitter fighting, both the Jats and Muslims began to run low on ammunition. At last they were forced to throw stones and rocks to ward off the German counter-attack. Realizing the attack would fail unless his men were whipped up to almost superhuman efforts, Ram ran from man to man shouting: "Jats never retreat! Muslims never retreat! We will advance! Advance! Advance!"

Spurred by his appeal to their class honor, the Jats and Muslims checked the counterattack with a bayonet drive of their own and eventually gained the objective, enabling the entire battalion's advance to continue. Havildar-Major Ram was wounded during the bayonet charge but refused to be carried to the rear until the attack had succeeded. He died a few minutes later. For his gallantry and leadership, Ram was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

Half of the men in the Indian Army are Hindus, including the Dogras, the Gurkhas, the Mahrattas and the Rajputs. Moslems account for 34 percent more, and of these the friendly Punjabi Muslims make up the largest single class of troops. Sikhs form another 10 percent and the remaining 6 percent is composed of other sects.

Indian Army units have both British and Indian officers, and some of the branches of service—the Signal Corps, the Sappers and Miners (Engineers) and the Service Corps—are partly composed of British enlisted men. In addition, each Indian division has three battalions of British troops assigned to it; an Infantry brigade, for example, may include a battalion of Sikhs, a battalion of Rajputan Rifles and a battalion of the Royal Sussex (British) Regiment.

WHEN the war broke out, there were 177,000 Indian and 43,000 British troops in the Indian Army. Today Indian volunteers have brought the total up to almost two million, not counting British units. Almost a million troops have been sent to overseas fronts, where they have fought with distinction. The Indian Army has suffered over 100,000 casualties, mostly in Malaya.

In the present Italian campaign, Rajput troops landed with the Fifth Army at Salerno and are fighting with it in the drive on Rome. Indian troops were the last-ditch defenders of Hong Kong and Burma, and will probably spearhead the coming Allied campaign to retake Burma.

But the Indian Army is proudest of the 4th Indian Division. Formed in the Middle East in October, 1939, the 4th took part in continuous action in Africa.

Its first exploit was the capture of Sidi Barrani from the Italians in December, 1940, a supposedly well-fortified stronghold that fell in just three days. That rout was the first crack in Mussolini's empire. Moving on to Eritrea, the 4th joined the 5th Indian Division in taking Agordat and Keren,



A soldier who has fought in Burma, and is ready for another go at the Japs, sights up a mortar.



Indian antitank gunners get weapon into firing position as a Bren-gun carrier starts to pass by them.



When Yanks and Indian members of the Eighth Army met in Africa they showed off their equipment.

virtual end of Italian fighting in East Africa.

Pulled back to the Western Desert when the Germans started their offensive in Libya, the 4th fought at Sollum and Capuzzo. It was transferred to Palestine in May 1941 for the Syrian campaign. The 5th Brigade of the 4th Division started the advance into Syria, climaxed by the capture of Damascus.

Back again in the Western Desert, the 4th took part in the see-saw battling there from September 1941 until the autumn of 1942, when the final mop-up began. It was the 5th Brigade of the 4th Division that pulled out of line and cracked open a gap for British armor to follow through from El Alamein in late October.

Moving on to Benghazi, the 4th trailed the retreating Axis forces to the Mareth Line. After assisting in the capture of Enfidaville, the Indian division was pulled out by Gen. Sir Harold Alexander and sent with several British units on an overnight swing around Medjez-el-Bab to join Lt. Gen. Kenneth Anderson's British First Army for the final run into Tunis.

But the climax of the 4th's service in Africa came when units were sent into the hills southeast of Tunis to clean up the remnants of German resistance. Among the hundreds of prisoners taken was the campaign's big prize, Col. Gen. Jurgen von Arnim, who was captured by the CO of a Gurkha unit and his Gurkha orderly.



YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE RUN OUT OF DOG FOOD AGAIN?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"I'VE COME TO RELIEVE YOU FOR DUTY ON THE FIRING LINE."
—Cpl. Ozle St. George, Australia



"ALL RIGHT, MULCAHY, GET IN STEP!"
—Pfc. H. Q. Hewitt



"YOU JUST SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD THAT WITCH DOCTOR HE WAS A FAKE."
—Sgt. Charles D. Pearson, Australia



"NOW BEFORE WE GO ON TO THE NEXT DIAGRAM, IS THERE ANY MAN WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS ONE?"
—Sgt. John A. Waddingham